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NO. 5

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—James S. Beacom.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
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H. M. CROATS, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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H. M. CROATS, Scribe.

CIVILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. 56, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 38, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
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Baptist—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 3 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

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St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. Michael Flood, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 1 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, N. of Smethport, every Sunday. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. T. R. Taylor.

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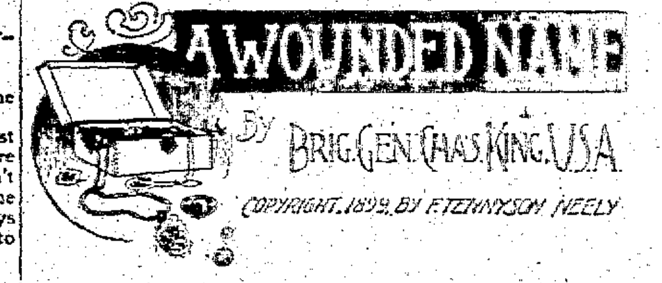
A WOUNDED NAME
BY BRIG. GEN. CHAS. KING, U.S.A.
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CHAPTER I.

The stagecoach was invisible in a cloud of its own dust as it lurched and rolled along the alkali flats down the valley, and Sancho, the ranchkeeper, could not make out whether any passengers were on top or not. He had brought a fine binocular to bear just as soon as the shrill voice of Pedro, a swarthy little scamp of a half breed, announced the dust cloud sailing over the clump of willows below the bend.

Pedro was not the youngster's original name, and, so far as could be determined by ecclesiastical records, owing to the omission of the customary church ceremonies he bore none that the chaplain at old Camp Cooke would admit to be Christian. Itinerant prospectors and occasional soldiers, however, had suggested a change from the original—or aboriginal—title, which was heathenish in the last degree, to the much briefer one of Pedro as fitting accompaniment to that of the illustrious head of the establishment, and Lieutenant Blake, an infantry sub with cavalry aspirations which had led him to seek arduous duties in this arid land, had comprehensively damned the pretensions of the place to being a "dinner ranch" by declaring that a shop that held Sancho and Pedro and didn't have game was unworthy of patronage.

Sancho had additional reasons for disapproving of Blake. That fine binocular, to begin with, bore the brand of Uncle Sam, for which reason it was never in evidence when an officer or soldier happened along. It had been abstracted from Blake's signal kit when he was scouting the Dragoon mountains and swapped for the vilest liquor under the sun at Sancho's, of course, and the value of the glass, not of the whisky, was stopped against the long lieutenant's pay, leaving him, as he ruefully put it, "short enough at the end of the month."

Somebody told Blake he would find his binocular at Sancho's, and Blake instituted inquiries after his own peculiar fashion the very next time he happened along that way.

"Here, you Castilian castaway," said he as he alighted at Sancho's door. "I am told you have stolen property in the shape of my signal glass. Hand it over instanter!"

And Sancho, bowing with the grace of a grandee of Spain, having assured the senor teniente that everything within his gates was at his service, without money and without price, had promptly fetched from an adjoining room a battered old double barreled lorgnette that looked as though it might have been dropped in the desert by Kearny or Fauntleroy or some of the dragoons who made the burning march before the Gadsden purchase of 1853 made us possessors of more desert sand and desolate range than we have ever known what to do with.

"This thing came out of the ark," said Blake, rightfully wrathful. "What I want is the signal glass that deserter sold you for whisky last Christmas."

Whereat Sancho called on all the saints in the Spanish calendar to bear witness to his innocence and bade the teniente search the premises.

"He's got it in that bedroom yonder," whispered old Sergeant Feeney, "and I know it, sir," and Blake, striding to the door in response to the half challenge, half invitation, of the gravely courteous cutthroat owner, stopped short at the threshold, stared, whipped off his scouting hat and, bowing low, said, "I beg your pardon, senora, senorita; I did not know," and retired in much disorder.

"Why didn't you tell me your family had come, you disreputable old rip," demanded he two minutes later, "or is that, too—stolen property?"

"It is the wife of my brother and his daughter," responded the ranchman, with unruffled suavity.

Nothing could equal Sancho's equanimity in the presence of those he desired to placate, nothing exceed the frenzy of his wrath when angered by those whom he could harm without fear of reprisals. Blake was backed by a troop of horse and the conviction that Sancho was an unmitigated rascal; therefore were his palpable allusions to be accepted as mere pleasantries or deprecated as unmerited injustice.

Blake had blackened the character of the ranch cuisine, even if he had been unequal to the task of blackening that of the owner. Blake had declared Sancho's homestead to be a den of thieves and the repast tendered the stage passengers a Barmecide feast, the purport of which was duly reported to Sancho, who "allowed" he would ultimately carve his opinion of Blake on that officer's elongated carcass, and until he could find opportunity so to do it behooved him to lull the suspicions of the prospective victim by elaborate courtesy of manner, and of this is the Spaniard or his Mexican half brother consummate master.

Blake left without a glimpse of his glass, but not without another of "the daughter of my brother," but recently arrived, and that peep made him desirous of a third. Riding away, he waved his hand.

"Adios, Sancho! Hasta otra vista!" he had hailed, but his gaze sought the little window in the adobe wall where a pair of dark, languorous eyes peered out from between the parted curtains and a dusky face dodged out of view the instant it saw it was seen.

What Sancho said in answer is not recorded, but now he was watching the coming of the stage from Yuma. Some one had warned him Lieutenant Blake would return that way, ordered back to the old post, to the north, as witness before an important court martial.

Those were later termed "the days of the empire" in Arizona. Perhaps 5,000 souls were counted within its borders at the time our story opens, not counting the soulless Apaches. Arizona had the customary territorial equipment of a governor and certain other officials. Nine men out of the dozen Americans in the only approach to a town it then possessed—Tucson—would have said "Damfino" if asked who was the secretary, but all men knew the sheriff. The grave, cigarro smoking, serape shrouded caballeros who rode at will through the plaza and ogled dark eyed maidens peeping from their barred windows could harbor no interest in the question of who was president of the United States, but the name of the post commander at Grant, Lowell or Crittenden was a household word, and in the eyes of the populace the second lieutenant commanding the paymaster's escort was illimitably "a bigger man" than the thrice distinguished soldier and [illegible] whose sole [illegible] by to that time was the flagstaff at the adobe corral and barracks sacred to his name.

Mr. Blake had never been in such a God forsaken country or community before, but there was something in the utter isolation, the far stretching waste of shimmering sand, the desolate mountain ranges sharply outlined, hostile and forbidding, the springless, streamless, verdureless plains of this stricken land, that harmonized with the somewhat savage and cynical humor in which he had sought service in the most intolerable clime then open to the troops of Uncle Sam. Blake had been jilted and took it bitterly to heart. Wearing the willow himself, he cherished it as the only green and growing thing in the Gila valley, whereas had he sought sympathy he would have found other young gentlemen similarly decorated, and therefore as content as he to spend the months or possibly years of their imbittered life just as far from the madding crowd and, as Blake cynically put it, "as near hell."

Blake was a man of distinction, as relatives went, and there were days when friends at court had more to do with a fellow's sphere of duty—very much more—than had the regimental commander or even the adjutant general. Blake took Arizona in preference to a tour in the signal office at Washington. He wanted to get as far away from the national capital and the favorite haunt of "the army and navy forever" as he possibly could. It was the most natural thing in the world to him that he should ask for duty in the land of deserts, centipeds, rattlesnakes and Apaches. He put it on the ground of a serious bronchial trouble which could be cured only in a dry climate, but the war office knew as well as the navy department that it was an affair of the heart and not of the throat.

"Adios, Sancho! Hasta otra vista!"

He wasn't the first man by any manner of means to fall in love with Madeleine Terrance, the prettiest girl and most unprincipled flirt that ever wore the navy button or tormented a sailor father. Blake sought the roughest duty, that of escorting inspectors, staff officers or paymasters on their wearisome trips through the wilderness, and no one denied him. The cavalry was short of officers, and he got assigned to Sanford's troop, and the biggest surprise that had come since his commission met him one day at Gila Bend when that same old red stage, a relic of California days, emerged from the dust cloud of its own manufacture and a quiet youth in pepper and salt and sand colored costume looked up from behind a pair of green goggles and said, "Hello, Blake!"

It was the voice, not the face, that the tall trooper recognized.

"Well—of—all—the—why, what in the name of Pegasus brings you here, Loring? I thought you had graduated into the engineers."

"Fact," said the newcomer sententiously.

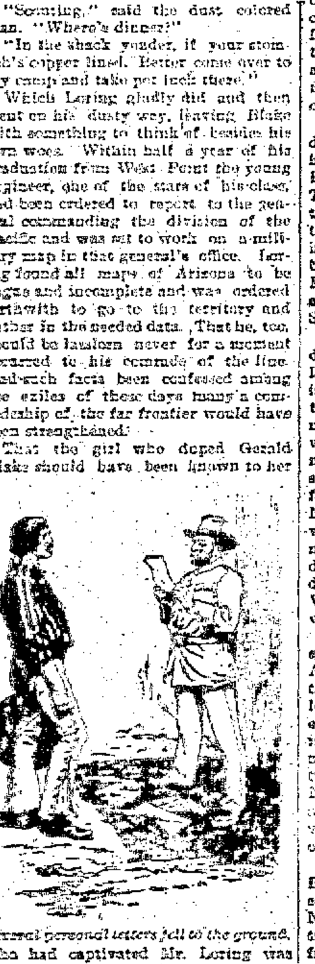
"Well, what's an engineer doing in Arizona? I'd as soon look to see an archbishop."

"Scouting," said the dust colored man. "Where's dinner?"

"In the shack yonder, if your stomach's copper lined. Better come over to my camp and take pot luck there."

Which Loring gladly did and then went on his dusty way, leaving Blake with something to think of besides his own woes. Within half a year of his graduation from West Point the young engineer, one of the stars of his class, had been ordered to report to the general commanding the division of the Pacific and was set to work on a military map in that general's office. Loring found all maps of Arizona to be vague and incomplete and was ordered forthwith to go to the territory and gather in the needed data. That he, too, should be lovelorn never for a moment occurred to his comrade of the line. Had such facts been confessed among the exiles of those days many a comradeship of the far frontier would have been strengthened.

That the girl who duped Gerald Blake should have been known to her who had captivated Mr. Loring was suspected by neither officer at the time, and that despite the efforts and the resolution of both men both women were destined to reappear upon the stage and temporarily, at least, resume their [illegible] was [illegible], neither soldier would have admitted possible. Yet stranger things had happened, and stranger still were destined to happen, and the first step in the drama was taken within the fortnight of this chance meeting at Gila Bend.


Several personal letters fell to the ground.

Sancho, studying the coming stage with Blake's binocular until it dived into the *arroyo* 500 yards to the west, handed that costly instrument to the silent, dumpy, dark skinned woman who stood patiently at his side and said briefly "Dos," at which she vanished, and after restoring the glass to its hiding place in her bedroom was heard uplifting a shrill, raucous voice at the back of the house ordering dinner to be ready for two. When the vehicle came rattling up to the door, Sancho stood at his threshold, the old lorgnette in hand, bowing profoundly as two travelers, officers of the army apparently, emerged in their dusters and stiffly alighted.

"Have any letters or dispatches been left here for me?" asked in quiet tone the elder of the two, limping slightly as he advanced, leaving to his comrade the responsibility of seeing that none of their luggage had been jolted out of the rickety vehicle.

One or two loungers on came languidly yet inquisitively within earshot. For answer the ranchkeeper, with another elaborate bow, produced a bulky official envelope. The officer glanced at the superscription, said, "This is for me," strode within the adobe walled corral, halted under a screen of brown canvas and there tore open the packet.

Several personal letters fell to the ground, but he paid at first little heed to them. Rapidly his eyes ran over a sheet of closely written matter; then he turned to the silent and ceremonious ranchman.

"When did this come?" he asked.

"At sunset yesterday, senor comandante."

"Where's the courier?"

"He returned before dawn today."

The loungers drew still nearer as the senior calmly turned to his companion, who, having assured himself that their impedimenta were all safe, came with quick, springy step to join him.

"Where do you suppose Blake and his detachment to be at this moment, Loring?"

"Perhaps 30 miles ahead, sir, over toward Maricopa. Do you need him, colonel?"

"Yes, and at once. Our bird has flown. In other words, Nevins has skipped."

CHAPTER II.

Just what an officer's actual rank might be in the days that followed close on the heels of the war was a matter no man could tell from either his dress or address. Few indeed were they who escaped the deluge of brevets that poured over the army and soaked some men six deep.

There were well authenticated cases of well preserved persons who had never so much as seen a battle and were yet, on one pretext or another, brevetted away up among the stars for "faithful and meritorious service" recruiting, mustering or disbursing.

We had colonels by title whose functions were purely those of the file closer. We had generals by brevet who had never set squadron in the field and didn't know the difference between a pale yolk and a pedometer.

Every captain, except one or two who had laughingly declined, wore the straps of a field officer, some few even of generals, and so when one heard a military looking man addressed as colonel the chances were ten to one that he was drawing only the stipend of a company officer, and in matters of actual rank in the army it was money that talked.

But there could be no questioning the right of the senior of the two officers who had alighted at Sancho's to the title of colonel. Soldier stood out all over him, even though his garb was concealed by a nondescript duster. His face, lined, thin lipped and resolute, was tanned by desert suns and winds. His hair, once brown, was almost white. His beard, once flowing and silky, was cropped to a gray stubble. His steely blue eyes snapped under their heavy thatch. His head was carried high and well back, and his soft felt hat, wide brimmed, was pulled down over the brows. His deep chest, square shoulders, erect carriage and straight, muscular legs all told of days and years in the field, and every word he uttered had about it the crisp, clear cut ring of command.

It was safe to bet that no mere company was the extent of this soldier's authority, and Sancho, keen observer, had put him down for a lieutenant colonel at least. Full colonels were mostly older men, and Arizona had but one in "the days of the empire."

The ranchman had eagerly whispered questions to the loungers as to the identity of the two arrivals, but without success. Both were strangers, although the junior had been seen at the ranch once before, the day Blake's troop was camped there on the way back from the Dragoons. There was the packet left by the orderly to be called for by officers arriving on the Yuma stage, addressed in clerkly hand, but Sancho, alas, could not read.

Hovering as near as the gravity and dignity of his station would permit, he had heard the colonel's query about Blake. He pricked up his ears at once. Teniente Blake—thirty miles east on the Maricopa road! Why, how was this? Some one had told him Blake had been to the Colorado and was coming back by this very stage. How did Blake get to the east of Sancho's ranch, after having once gone west, without Sancho's knowing it?

Suspiciously he watched the two soldiers, the grizzled colonel, the slim lieutenant. They were talking together in low tone; at least the colonel was talking eagerly, energetically and with much gesticulation. The junior listened wordless to every word. What had he meant by "the bird had flown?" Why should Nevins "skip?" An unpleasant fear seized upon Sancho. He knew Nevins, at least a Nevins, a captain whom everybody knew in fact and few men trusted. What had Nevins been doing, or rather what that he had been doing was he to be held to account for? Why should the colonel so eagerly ask where they could reach Blake?

Time was when Sancho flattered himself there was no deviltry going on in Arizona, except such as originated with the Indians, in which he had not at least the participation of full knowledge, yet here came two officials, hastening by stage instead of marching with military deliberation and escort, and they were in quest of the Senor Capitan Nevins, of whom all men had heard and at whose hands many had suffered, for was not he a player whom the very cards seemed to obey?

Was it not he who broke the bank at Bustamente's during the fiesta at Tucson but five months agone? Was it not Nevins who won all the money those two young tenientes possessed, two boys from the far east just joining their regiments and haplessly falling into the hands of this dashing, dapper, whole souled, hospitable comrade, who made his temporary quarters their home until they could find opportunity to go forward to the distant posts where their respective companies were stationed? Was it not Nevins who, right there at Sancho's ranch, finding a party of prospectors, several ex-Confederate soldiers among them, languidly staking silver at the monte table presided over by Sancho's own brother, had calmly opened a faro layout and enticed every man from the legitimate game and every peso from their pockets before the two days' session was finished?

Well did Sancho recall his own wrath and that of his brother at this unlicensed interference with their special business and the surprising liberality, too, with which the senor capitan had silenced their remonstrance. Rascal though he was, Sancho had sense enough to know that such proceedings were not seemly in a man bearing the commission of an officer, but Sancho little knew how many a congressman along at the close of the war, finding himself compelled to provide some kind of living for political "heelers" or some impersonal reward for services rendered, had foisted his henchmen into the army, then being enlarged and reorganized, and Nevins was one of the results of the iniquitous system.

Commissioned a first lieutenant of a regiment that had had a proud record in the regular division of the Army of the Potomac and had been hurried at the close of the war to the Pacific coast, Nevins had joined at Fort Yuma and served a few weeks apprenticeship as a file closer, just long enough to demonstrate that he knew nothing whatever about soldiering and too much about poker. All his seniors in grade, except the West Pointers graduated in 1865, had brevets for war service, and Nevins' sponsor was appealed to to rectify the omission in the lieutenant's case. Nevins had held a commission in a volunteer regiment in the defenses of Washington the last few months of the war, and that was found amply sufficient, when a prominent member of the committee on military affairs demanded it, to warrant the bestowal of a brevet for "gallant and meritorious service;" hence came the title of captain.

Then, as company duty proved irksome and Nevins' company and post commander both began to stir him up for his manifold negligences and ignorances, the aid of his patron in congress was again invoked. A crippled veteran who could do no field service was in charge of a supply camp for scouting parties, escorts, detachments, etc., and, to the wrath of the regimental officers, this veteran was relieved and Lieutenant and Brevet Captain Nevins, by department orders, was detailed in his place. This made him independent of almost everybody, besides placing in his hands large quantities of commissary and quartermaster stores, which were worth far more to the miner, prospector and teamster than their invoice price. The stories that began to come into Yuma and Drum barracks and other old time stations of the "high jinks" going on day and night at Nevins' camp, the orders for liquors, cigars and supplies received at San Francisco and filled by every stage or steamer, the lavish entertainment accorded to officers of any grade and to wayfarers with any sign of money, the complaints of victims who had been fleeced, the gloomy silence of certain fledgeling subalterns after brief visits at "Camp Ochre," as Blake had dubbed it, all pointed significantly to but one conclusion—that, so far from living on his pay, Nevins was gormandizing on that of everybody else and doubtless "raising the wind" in other ways at the expense of Uncle Sam.

Even in Arizona in the days of the empire it couldn't last forever. Easy come, easy go. Nevins had lavishly spent what was so lightly won. Tucson and Yuma City were within easy stage ride; even San Francisco had twice been found accessible. Dashing associates of both sexes were ever at hand. The sudden turn of the tide came with the order that broke up the supply camp, required him to turn over his funds and stores to the quartermaster at Camp Cooke and report for duty in person at that post.

Then came the expected discovery of grievous shortages in both funds and property, the order for the arrest of the delinquent officer and his trial by court martial. Colonel Turnbull, inspector general of the department, was hurried out from the shores of the Pacific to sit as one of senior members of the court. Lieutenant Loring, vainly striving along the Gila to find some resemblance between its tracing on a government map and its meanderings through the desert, was selected to perform the duties of judge advocate.

The court was authorized to sit without regard to hours and to sift the official career of the protege of the house committee of military affairs without regard to consequences, when that volatile and accused person took matters into his own hands and between the setting and rising of the sun disappeared from the brush, canvas and adobe shelters of old Camp Cooke and left for parts unknown, taking with him the best horse in the commanding officer's stable and, as genius has ever its followers, the admiration if not the regard of much of the garrison.

"Sancho," said he, "have that roan of yours saddled in ten minutes."

But other followers were needed at once. "That man must be caught at any cost, Loring," said the colonel. "No one begins to know the extent of his rascalities, and you and Blake must catch him."

For answer the engineer took out his watch—it was just 12:45—stepped out into the glare of the sunshine and gazed to the far horizon. The plain to the east was flat as a board for many a mile and well nigh as barren. Then he turned abruptly to Sancho. "Dinner ready?" he asked.

"In one, two minutes, senor capitan," responded the ranchman gravely, conferring on the officer the brevet of courtesy.

Out in front of the ranch the old red stage, long since faded to a dun color, stood baking in the burning rays. The mules had been taken into the corral for water, fodder and shade. The driver was regaling himself within the bar. A few loungers, smoking, but silent, seemed dozing the noontide away. Loring stepped to the side of the vehicle and drew forth a leather valise, swung it to his shoulder and strode back to where the colonel stood pondering under the canvas screen.

"Good batting power in that right arm of his," muttered one of the loungers to a mate sprawled full length on the sand beneath the shelter of a tent fly and watching the officer from under his half closed lids. A grunt of assent was the only reply.

"Know what regiment he belongs to?" queried No. 1.

"No, but it's cavalry," was the murmured answer; "saw him straddling a broncho at Maricopa Wells last week. He knows how."

Somewhere within the ranch a triangle began to jangle. "Quima-a-do!" shrilled little Pedro, and three or four lazy, drowsing forms began slowly to get to their feet and to shuffle away toward the doorless aperture in the adobe wall, the entrance to the dining room of the stage and ranch people. Two men lingered, the two who were speculating as to the military connections of the young officer. One of these, after a quiet glance about the neighborhood, strolled out toward the stage, hands deep in the pockets of his wide trousers. There he seemed casually to repeat his leisurely survey of the surroundings. Then he lounged back.

"No go," said he in low tone; "both of 'em there yet; young feller changing his dress. Their dinner's ready, though. The colonel's writing."

Presently Sancho, grave and deliberate, as became his race, emerged from the shadows of the bar and came close before he spoke.

"He goes to ride—that youth. Know you whither? And he has no horse."

And, as though to confirm this statement, with his quick elastic step Loring came forth to the side gate, dumped his valise into the stage, turned and looked keenly over the group, then, as quickly approached them. He had discarded his linen coat and trousers in favor of a pair of brown cord breeches, with Hualpai leggings and light spurs. A broad belt, with knife and revolvers, was buckled to his waist. A silk handkerchief was loosely knotted at his throat. A light colored felt hat was pulled down to his eyebrows, and dust colored gauntlets were drawn upon his hands. "Sancho," said he, "have that roan of yours saddled in ten minutes. How much if I keep him a week?"

"Everything in my house is at the service of the senor capitan," began Sancho grandiloquently, "but as to that horse"—

"No other will do. How much a week? Though I may keep him only a day."

"Senor, he is the horse of my brother, and my brother is not here. If harm should come"—

"Full value will be paid. Here," and a glittering goldpiece, a double eagle, flashed in the sun. "Waste no talk now. Take this and saddle him."

Slowly, gingerly, with thumb and finger tips the ranchman plucked the coin from the open and extended palm, then bowed with the same native grace and gravity.

"Come, Loring," growled the colonel impatiently, "dinner," and Sancho caught the name.

"The Senor Loreeng—will not ride him hard—or far? It is to the camp of the major he goes?"

But, turning on his heel, not another word would Loring say. Ten minutes later, his hunger appeased with bacon, frijoles and chocolate, he mounted and rode quietly away eastward until Sancho's ranch was two miles behind, then gave the roan both rein and spur and sped like the wind up the Gila, two of Sancho's oldest customers vainly lashing on his trail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Platform Woman.

"The platform woman never has been a credit to, but ever a blot upon, American womanhood. I make this emphatic statement from a personal knowledge of the homes which these women leave behind when they go to their meetings," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"I have seen the rooms of their homes left in wild disorder; I have seen their servants sitting in idleness with work on every hand to do; I have seen the children neglected and left to their own devices; I have heard husbands speak in derision of the motives of their wives. No woman in a happy American home can ever afford to listen to these parasites of her sex.

"Fortunately, the platform woman's influence is steadily on the wane. She was never a power. She was never even picturesque. Her worst injury was wrought upon certain weak women who for the time she deluded. But even with them she was soon regarded with wonder rather than with interest; with suspicion rather than with confidence. The disappearance of the platform woman is a case of a blot being blotted out."

Successive Steps In Success.

The ambitious amateur went to see the experienced theatrical manager.

"I want to be a star actress," she said. "What do you advise me to do?"

"H'm—have you ever had an affair of the heart?" he asked.

"Well," she simpered, "two or three young fellows are breaking their hearts about me."

"That won't quite do. Go and get your own heart broken," he said, "and then come again."

She had heard something like this before, and she went away with her chin in the air.

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A year later, however, she returned.

"Well," she said, choking down a sob, "I have come back to you—heartbroken. I married one of those young men. He treated me shamefully and has deserted me!"

"Ah, that is something like," said the manager, rubbing his hands together. "We are getting on. Only one thing more is necessary, my dear young woman—get your divorce, and then we shall want you."—Chicago Tribune

Landmarks.

Every town has a liar or two, a smart Aleck, some pretty girls, more loafers than it needs, a woman or two that tattles, an old fogy that the town would be better off without, men who stand on the street corners and make remarks about the women, a man who laughs an idiotic laugh every time he says anything, scores of men with the caboose of their trousers worn smooth as glass and men who can tell you about the weather and how to run other people's business, but who have made a dismal failure of their own.—Northport News.

The Time It Worked.

Little Johnny always wanted to sleep in the morning, and finally Papa McSwatters wondered how he would ever get the boy up betimes. At last he struck upon the following:

"Johnny, the furnace fire is all fixed, and the ashes have been carried out, and the leaves raked. Breakfast is almost over and only three pancakes left."

Johnny forgot his ablutions in his hurry.—Syracuse Herald.

SNOW EATING MANIA.

A PECULIAR HABIT THAT DEVELOPS IN THE KLONDIKE.

The Appetite, When Once Acquired, Is Extremely Difficult to Control, and to Indulge It Means a Short Cut to the Grave.

Every great discovery in the world's history has brought with it an accompanying affliction, and it remained for the Klondike to develop a peculiar mania that threatens to outrival opium eating. Among the residents of the far north it is known as the "snow habit," and it is said to be incurable. A returned Klondiker tells the strange story.

"There are many strange things in the Klondike," said the narrator, "but perhaps the strangest and that about which nothing has been written so far is the dissipation caused by eating snow. In the north, when the thermometer reaches 50 to 60 degrees below zero, a mouthful of snow is like molten metal. It brings an inflammation to the palate and tongue and it is impossible to quench the thirst. The first advice an old timer offers a newcomer in the region is 'Don't eat snow.' There are men in that country, once hearty, robust miners, now weak, effeminate creatures, whose fall can be traced directly to the time they began munching snow.

"The matter has been but little investigated, but the scientists who have examined the subject say that the waters of the north are rich with mineral deposits which are being constantly washed down from the mountains. A certain per cent of this mineral is taken into the air when vapor rises, and the snow becomes impregnated with it. There have been several falls of red snow near Point Barrow, the deposit being of a reddish brown color, due entirely to minerals. Thus it can be seen that a person eating large quantities of the snow takes into his system a corresponding amount of minerals."

While coming down the Copper river last spring the narrator came upon a party of miners where one was dying from the effects of eating snow. He had been a hard drinker, but had run short of whisky. His thirst became unendurable and as water was scarce in midwinter he had taken to eating snow. Soon he claimed it relieved his appetite for the liquor, but his companions noticed that his appetite for the snow increased until he was consuming enormous quantities. Gradually his skin, which was a dark bronze, grew light, his rugged stature became bent, and even his harsh voice changed to the effeminate squeak of an old woman. His strength gave way, and his companions tried to break him of the habit. He would lie on his pallet and moan pitifully for a mouthful of snow and when opportunity offered would steal unobserved to the doorway and gulp down huge handfuls. At last, seeing death was inevitable, his companions allowed him the snow, hoping to prolong his life. It proved unavailing, however, and one morning the man was found dead.

There are some spots on the Copper river where the snow, when melted and strained through a cloth, shows perceptible signs of minerals, and often gold is found plentifully intermixed, but of course not in paying quantities. Where this comes from is a mystery, but it may be brought from the far north by the heavy winter gales that sweep over this part of the country. It has been said that if the snow could be melted away it would leave deposits of millions of dollars in gold dust on the ground.

The narrator had a close call himself from falling a victim to the snow habit. "It was in the winter of 1896-7," he said, "and I was new to the country. An old miner near Dawson had warned me against eating snow, but I, with my partner, had gone back into the hills on a prospecting tour and had got caught in a blizzard. We were shy of provisions and on our way up lost the package containing our cooking utensils. This we remedied by broiling our cooked foods, but we had nothing in which to melt the snow. It is claimed that melted snow is harmless, as the metallic deposit it contains sinks to the bottom of the receptacle.

"We decided to try it 'raw,' and we did. Whether it was the food or the snow I don't know, but during the week we waited for a chance to get out we had an ever increasing thirst, until, when we were finally able to strike the trail, we were consuming snow at a frightful rate. When we reached our companions we attempted to assuage our thirst with water, but it didn't go good. We had acquired a taste for the frozen water, and it seemed to have invigorating qualities. At night we could not sleep unless we took our snow.

"We were fast approaching the degenerate stage when I reached a realizing sense of our condition and undertook to break off. I began by degrees and worked down, but up to the very moment I left the country the sight of the snow always raised in me an inordinate craving. It cost me many sleepless nights and weary days to restrain myself. Had I given way to the habit I would, like many another poor fellow, have lost all ambition and filled an unknown grave in that frozen wilderness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Martello Towers In England.

Whatever may have been the defensive value of martello towers a century ago it has entirely evaporated now. There are a good many of them on the coasts of Essex, Suffolk, Kent and Sussex. These massive round towers, some 40 feet high, were regarded as and very likely were splendid defenses at the time they were erected, but they have long been used only for coastguard purposes. Their name is derived from the Italian coast towers which were erected as a protection against pirates. Warning that a suspicious craft was in sight was given by striking a bell with a martello or hammer. It was the powerful defense made in 1794 by Le Tellier at the tower of Mortella with only 33 men against a simultaneous sea and land attack, led by Lord Hood and Major General Dundas, which brought them into favor in this country. It was thought that they would be a splendid defense against "Boney."—London Chronicle.

Ancient Glassmaking.

When the council of ten ruled Venice, they issued a decree regarding the art of glassmaking. It runs: "If a workman carry his art beyond the limits of his country to the detriment of the republic, he shall be desired to return. If he disobey, his nearest relatives shall be imprisoned. If, in spite of their imprisonment, he remain obstinate in his wish to live abroad, an emissary shall be told off to kill him."

An Antique Weapon.

"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart!"

"Not if they used an old bow to shoot with, Mr. Wellop," coldly replied the young and beautiful Miss Flyppe.—Chicago Tribune.

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BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, FEB. 3, 1899.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

ALBERT PETERSON.

Kane, Pa., Jan'y 2, 1899.

QUAY'S trial will commence February 20th.

No United States Senator elected at Harrisburg yet.

THE MINER is under obligations to Hon. C. W. Stone for favors rendered.

W. A. CLARK, one of the wealthiest men in the West, was elected to the United States Senate by the legislature of Montana last Saturday.

EFFORTS are being put forth to have attorneys wear gowns while practicing before the courts. This would be a ridiculous innovation. It looks bad enough to see several able jurists sitting on the bench gowned like a lot of old women, but it would be the height of folly to see a lawyer gesticulating before a jury, togged out in this ancient costume.

THE Quay adherents are very free in denominating the anti-Quay Republicans as assistant Democrats, yet these same Quay Republicans are hobnobbing with Democrats at Harrisburg to secure the assistance of thirteen Democrats to re-elect Senator Quay. They will make any kind of an alliance with Democrats that help Quay out of his dilemma. They are the last people in the world who ought to talk of assistant Democrats.—Ex.

DURING the past week Lebanon county has been a counter attraction to the Senatorial battle going on at Harrisburg. Senator Gobin, from that district as Lieut. Governor, failed to resign in time to allow a Senator from that district being elected last November. The Quay and anti-Quay Republicans have each presented their candidates for the nomination and the fight which takes place at the primaries to-morrow night will be a bitter one to the end. Eminent speakers from other counties will speak on the question, even M. S. Quay will enter the arena and try to induce the voters to support him. It is dollars to buttons that he will be defeated as the Republicans of that county have kept a close watch on Lieut. Governor Gobin's arbitrary rulings at the joint sessions of the two Houses in his efforts to re-elect Quay. This will be a fight to win, the battle is on and may the voters of old Lebanon place the honor of the Republican party above boss rule.

THERE are some members of the legislature who will never be heard of again after they go home from final adjournment. They are looking their last on *the legislative halls as law makers*, for the swift vengeance of their constituents will smite them because they did not bow to the will of the majority and elect the caucus nominee of the Republican *party for* United States Senator—Matthew Stanley Quay.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

What rot. Because a Member of Assembly refused to put on the Quay collar he is to be defeated. The Telegraph is either wilfully blind or is unable to discern the predominating sentiment throughout the State. Because a man possesses sufficient honor to place State and party above a boss under indictment, he is to be shelved. The Telegraph is mistaken in its assertions that these Assemblymen have looked their last on the legislative halls as law makers. The people of their districts will honor them for their integrity and return them to the legislature with largely increased majorities.

AN EXCELLENT SELECTION.

The Kane Republican of Monday in a long editorial speaking of the vacancy on the Supreme Court bench, caused by the death of Justice H. W. Williams, thus presents the claims of the northwest in terse and forcible language to Governor Stone for his consideration. THE MINER heartily voices the sentiment of Col. Rogers and trusts that Governor Stone will see his way clear to make the appointment:

For eleven years past a gentleman has presided at the courts in this county who has made a record of the highest character in solving legal questions and dispensing justice. His opinions are seldom reversed and that he would fill a position on the Supreme Court bench with great credit cannot be questioned. He is in the prime of life and his stalwart Republicanism dates from the hour his arm was shot off by rebel bullets at Fredericksburg. The man referred to is Judge Thos. A. Morrison and without his knowledge we commend him to Gov. Stone for the vacancy on the Supreme bench created by the death of Judge Williams. That appointment would give extreme satisfaction in all the northwestern counties. It is rumored that the Governor contemplates the appointment of D. T. Watson, the eminent Democratic lawyer of Pittsburg. It does not seem probable as that city is already represented on the bench.

TRUE INDIAN CORN.

Three or four years since an Indian mound in Arkansas was being excavated, when an earthen jar was found hermetically sealed that contained a small quantity of grains of Indian corn. Some of the grains were the next year planted in Missouri and several bushels raised. On the top of the mound from which the jar was dug out a large tree four feet in diameter was growing, and it is thought the corn lay buried about 2,000 years. 'Squire James L. Neal, one of the most prosperous and progressive farmers, sent and procured a small quantity of the corn, paying over two cents a grain. This he planted last year but the yield was small on account of the drouth. He saved enough, however, to get a good patch this year. He has used it for roasting ears, and says it is the best he ever had. The ears are not large, but grow two or three on a single stalk. The one thing peculiar about this corn is its color, or, rather, colors. On the same cob are grains of different colors; and in the row you can find an ear that is white, another blood red, one salmon color and another perfectly black.—Harrodsburg, Ky., Sayings.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1899.

President McKinley will not receive the findings of the Eagan court-martial for several days yet, as it is customary for the Secretary of war to refer the findings of the court-martial to the Judge Advocate General for a legal review before fowarding it to the President. There is no doubt that the findings was guilty on both counts. This finding may be approved, set aside, or mitigated. While the opinion that Eagan deserves punishment is general, there are a few who think, in view of his long and honorable service, that it should be as severe as dismissal from the army.

There has been a decided change in the attitude of the "antis" since the Senate agreed to vote on the treaty Feb. 6. Instead of talking of rejecting the treaty of peace, as they were doing a week ago, they are now begging the supporters of the treaty to let them down easy, by having the Senate adopt a meaningless resolution declaring that the treaty does not bind the U. S. to permanent retention of the Philippines, something that everybody already knows. There would be just as much sense in adopting a resolution declaring that the treaty did not bind us to lick Spain again. The treaty will be ratified. That is now considered to be an absolute certainty.

There is not the slightest foundation for the sensational reports sent from Washington about the administration being worried over the antics of Agoncillo, the agent of Aguinaldo, in Washington, who has been doing some fool talking in the newspapers and elsewhere. Secretary Hay is authority for the statement that Agoncillo's name has never been called at a cabinet meeting, and that President McKinly has never even had his attention called to the presence of the little Filipino in Washington, except by the newspapers.

Representative Cousins of Iowa in a speech in favor of the Hull army bill, which will be voted upon and passed, to-morrow by the House, paid his respects to those who have expressed so *much fear of* the necessary increase in the regular army. He said: "I have not lived long enough to learn anything of the history of the exploits of American soldiery or of their service, *to justify* the suspicion which is cast upon the institution known as the regular army of the United States, by the imputation that it could ever be used as a menance to the liberties of American citizenship. Does the history of valor and glory in the Revolution prompt the gentlemen of the minority and of the opposition to warn America against American soldiery? Does the *record of the regulars*, led by General Jackson, at New Orleans, fill the hearts of the gentlemen with fear and apprehension for the safety of our citizens? Does Chepultepec send warning even into *modern* Washington? Did there ever issue from the lips, now closed in everlasting love and fame in that silent masoleum by the Hudson, any word of menace to a future citizen, *any thought* save peace, any *oracle* save liberty and union? God spare a grateful country and an admiring world from any doubt about the matchless magnanimity of Appomattox. In all the years of toil and strife and victory that make the history of our republic great, the regular army has been its shield and buckler."

No speech made on the Philippine question has *contained* more common sense or a plainer statement of the actual situation than that made by Senator Platt of New York, the first he has made during his present term in the Senate. His *arraignment* of the Senators who are largely responsible for Aguinaldo's bumptious position follows: "There are reasons why the natives of those islands, after their ex*perience with Spanish misrule*, should misunderstand the presence at Manila of an American army, but there is no reason why an American Senator should misunderstand it, and no justi*fication of his course in misrepresent*ing it. He knows that there is no American in all this broad land who wishes any other fate to a single native of the Philippine Islands than his free *enjoyment of a prosperous* life. He knows that close in the wake of American rule, there would come to the Filipinos a liberty that they have never known, and a far greater liberty *than they could ever have under* the arrogant rule of a native dictator."

There has been much talk about the plain intimation on the floor of the Senate that Mr. Andrew Carnegie was *paying regular advertising rates to get* anti expansion articles, furnished by his agents, inserted in the agricultural papers, marked copies of which are now flooding the mail of Senators. *The disposition of the Senators ap*pears to be to regard it as a joke on Carnegie, which has helped the finances of the numerous agricultural editors and had no effect whatever, in Washington. Senator *Hoar* was at first inclined to defend the purchase of space in newspapers to affect public sentiment, but Senator Chandler compelled him to admit that the purchase of editorial opinion was an act involving moral turpitude.

HON. A. H. GARLAND of Arkansas, who was Attorney-General under Cleveland, dropped dead last Thursday afternoon while addressing the Supreme Court at Washington, D. C., at the age of 66 years.

FLORIDA.

Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The next Pennsylvania Railroad tour to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia by special train of Pullman palace cars Tuesday, February 7. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50.00; Philadelphia, $48.00; Canandaigua, $52.85; Erie, $54.85; Wilkesbarre, $50.35; Pittsburg, $53.00; and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, N. Y., 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J., or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys be disordered, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good alterative and tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store, 50 cents per bottle.

Coughing injures and inflames sore lungs. One Minute Cough Cure loosens the cold, allays coughing and heals quickly. The best cough cure for children. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

FOR RENT.—A house containing six plastered rooms; has good cellar, good water, large garden. Situated at East Smethport, Pa. Address

GEO. CANFIELD, DuBois, Pa.

The smallest things may exert the greatest influence. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are unequalled for overcoming constipation and liver troubles. Small pill, best pill, safe pill. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Horses for Sale.

I have 8 heavy horses and 3 four-year-old colts for sale. Time given on good security. M. A. BILLINGBIDGE,
Port Allegany, Pa., Jan. 25, 1899.

Small children's suits in pretty patterns, with waist coats, at R. Seger & Son's.

Smoke the "Yukon Girl."

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

THE BRAKEMAN'S "NO."

A fine young fellow was Tom Jeffreys, strong, pleasant and good looking. He was but eighteen when he first began "railroading," but he could set a brake with the best. When his clear deep voice announced the stations, people listened and made no mistake. Old ladies caught the gleam of his pleasant eye, and let him help them on and off with grateful surprise. Mothers with more children than they could manage, tired women bundle laden, and old men recognized a friend and made use of him. Nor were the railroad officials blind to the young man's helpfulness and popularity, and although Tom did not dream of it, his name was on a list that meant promotion.

The young brakeman's easy-going good nature, however, was a drawback in one direction. He disliked to say, "no." When the train reached Boston he always had two hours to spare. In that time some one was sure to say, "Come Tom, lets go to the barber's."

Now this sounded innocent enough, but in barber's back room was a green door which opened on a stairway leading down into a drinking saloon. Here the men used to gather a few at a time, to take "a little some thing."

Tom usually said his good natured no that meant a reluctant yes, and ended by going. He never felt wholly at ease when taking his beer. He would not have gone for it alone. Over and over again he acknowledged to himself that it was the laughter of his chums that took his courage away, and so things went on. A year slipped by and beer had become almost an every day drink with him when one afternoon he was summoned from the "barber shop" to the office.

"Jeffreys," said the superintendent when he entered, "I have been very much pleased with the way in which your duties have been performed on the road in the past, and I find we need another conductor." The gentleman suddenly stopped and the pleasant smile was gone. "Mr. Jeffries, your breath tells me that you have been drinking."

"Only a little beer, sir," said poor Tom, flushing crimson.

"I am very sorry," replied the superintendent, "but that will be all to-day; you may go."

The young man left the office downcast, disheartened. What he had been wishing for, what he had so nearly gained, had been lost through his own misconduct. As he thought of it the good natured lip took a fierce curve. The next day one of the boys said, "Come on over to the barber shop."

"No," replied Tom.

"O come on, what's struck yer?"

"That barber has shaved me all he ever will," was the reply.

Although Tom's no seemed very determined in its sound, there was yet something wanting in it. He felt it and when after a few days the real longing for a glass of liquor began to make itself felt, it seemed as if the no would be yes in spite of himself.

"No use in lockin' the barn door," said chum, "the hoss is stole, the 'supet' knows you've taken a 'smile' now and then, and he'll never forget it. Better be young while you can."

Tom still said no, but the little negative grew weaker and weaker and the next thing it would be yes. When this was almost accomplished, spurred by his danger, and remembering his early training in the right, he went into an empty car and kneeling on the bare floor, prayed for strength to resist.

"And then," he said, "I learned to speak a 'no' that all the men on the road couldn't turn into a 'yes.'"

Examine well those silk-lined box coats at R. Seger & Son's.

Give the "Yukon Girl" a puff.

Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphan's Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1899.

First and partial account of John F. Parsons and Charles C. Ward, executors of the last will and testament of Noah H. Parker, late of Norwich township, deceased.

First and final account of Chauncey W. Gardner, administrator of the estate of Chauncey W. Gardner, Sr., late of Bradford, Pa., deceased.

First and final account of Jennie A. Green, administratrix of the estate of John H. Green, late of Lafayette township, deceased.

The partial account of Thomas Osborne, administrator of the estate of George B. Bleakley, late of Bradford, deceased.

First and final account of J. E. Smith, administrator of the estate of Mathias J. Smith, late of Otto township, deceased.

First and final account of Martha E. Blood, administratrix of the estate of E. R. Blood, late of Kane, deceased.

First and final account of M. J. Gallup, administrator of the estate of A. S. Elliott, late of Mt. Jewett, deceased.

First and final account of John W. Campbell, administrator of the estate of Simeon Vandermark, late of Wetmore township, deceased.

Final account of Chalmers C. Jones, guardian of William T. Griffith, minor child of John T. Griffith, late of Kane, deceased.

Final account of A. Ortman, deceased, who was the guardian of Edith Atcha; Minnie Vena; Hazel Ermina, and Maud Rose, minor children of Sarah L. Newland, late of Eldred township, deceased, by Mary Ortman, executrix of the last will and testament of said A. Ortman, deceased.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Register.
H. M. CHOATE, Deputy.

Smethport, Pa., January 30th, 1899.

John Vanblad,

Practical Horseshoer.

I have rented the blacksmith shop of T. H. Purtle and am now well prepared to do

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

of all kinds in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

Special attention to shoeing interfering and sore horses.

A share of your patronage solicited.

John Vanblad,

WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT,

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

STATEMENT

OF THE

Finances of McKean County

FOR THE

Fiscal Year Ending January 1, 1899.

T. B. CLARK, Treasurer of McKean county, in account with the different funds of said county for said year.

COUNTY FUNDS.

Dr.

To amt due last auditors' report	$14671 08	
To amt license collected	2110 00	
To amt transferred from dog fund	1161 28	
To amt [illegible] Davis, sheriff	677 08	
To amt [illegible]	49 00	
To amt charged Treas. by Co. Com'rs	6140 83	
To amt unseated tax and interest collected	8430 41	
To amt seated tax collected	34481 62	
To amt State tax collected	3741 03	70[illegible] 47

Cr.

By orders paid and cancelled	42617 84	
By county institute expenses	200 00	
By Treasurer's commission on $65471.81 at 1½ per cent	1036 30	
Balance due fund	26021 33	70[illegible] 47

DOG FUND.

Dr.

To amt due last auditors' report	1162 28	
To amt dog tax collected	1179 20	2341 48

Cr.

By amt transferred to county fund	1161 28	
By orders paid and cancelled	1200 15	
By Treas. com. on $[illegible] at 1½ per cent	18 01	
Balance due fund	668 24	2341 48

BRIDGE BOND FUND.

Dr.

To amt due last auditors' report	3501 19	
To unseated tax collected	921 67	
To seated tax collected	2812 57	7235 43

Cr.

By orders paid and cancelled	3250 00	
By bonds paid and cancelled	2250 00	
By interest paid on bonds	630 00	
By Treas. com. on $4222.26 at 1½ per cent	74 04	
Balance due fund	2849 37	7235 43

REDEMPTION FUND.

Dr.

To balance due last auditor's report	2865 81	
To redemption received	456 07	3321 88

Cr.

By redemption orders paid	1272 70	
By balance due fund	2049 18	3321 88

ALIEN TAX FUND.

Dr.

To amt received	220 26	220 26

Cr.

By Treas. com. on $220.26 at 1½ per cent	16 10	
By balance due fund	204 16	220 26

POOR FUND.

Dr.

To amt due fund last auditors' report	4050 25	
To amt unseated tax and interest collected	2391 50	
To amt seated tax collected	9712 14	
To amt charged Treas. by Co. Com'rs	4106 23	20258 11

Cr.

By orders paid and cancelled	17622 58	
By Treas. com. on $16507.89 at 1½ per cent	283 64	
By balance due fund	2351 89	20258 11

STATEMENT showing the amount of County, State, Bridge Bond, Poor and Dog Tax charged, amount received and balance due from the several districts for the year 1898, subject to commissions and exonerations.

DISTRICTS.	STATE.			COUNTY.			BRIDGE BOND.			POOR.			DOG.		
	Amt chgd.	Recd.	Amt due.	Amt chgd.	Recd.	Amt due.	Amt chgd.	Recd.	Amt due.	Amt chgd.	Recd.	Amt due.	Amt chgd.	Recd.	Amt due.
Annin Township	$ 22 30	$ 21 40	$ [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	$100 [illegible]	$ 52 29	$ 47 81	301 14	$149 01	$152 13	$111 00	$ 28 80	$ 82 20
Bradford Township	58 61	54 41	4 20	[illegible]	[illegible]	421 55	295 02	[illegible]	61 61	1061 56	[illegible]	162 08	241 00	88 00	153 00
Bradford City, 1st W.	620 27	500 00	120 27	[illegible]	[illegible]	1902 92	657 05	[illegible]	131 57				38 00		38 00
" " 2d "	646 29	500 00	146 29	[illegible]	1505 00	1490 24	427 04	[illegible]	290 02				8 00		8 00
" " 3d "	370 29	200 00	170 29	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	221 16	110 25	104 88				52 00		52 00
" " 4th "	880 17	700 00	180 17	[illegible]	[illegible]	1174 12	703 15	[illegible]	144 35				32 00		32 00
" " 5th "	22 24		22 24	1215 40	600 00	615 40	175 20	84 65	90 05				19 00		19 00
" " 6th "	60 48		60 48	1384 26	600 00	784 26	127 07	112 95	65 12				97 00		97 00
Ceres Township	32 07	28 36	3 71	865 07	577 10	[illegible]	115 56	72 46	43 10	355 11	214 88	132 23	103 00	40 00	63 00
Corydon Township	1 64	1 64		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	214 58	121 64	92 24	643 28	362 78	280 50	68 00	10 00	58 00
Eldred	78 70	78 70		[illegible]	1002 41	255 32	174 70	[illegible]	27 64	500 07	455 30	33 77	122 00	60 00	62 00
Eldred Boro	79 90	74 42	5 48	835 74	[illegible]	[illegible]	130 24	[illegible]	18 06	258 84	199 16	45 08	44 00	31 40	12 60
Foster Township	119 29	94 90	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	214 28	[illegible]	34 83	1161 28	858 60	292 68	162 00	33 00	129 00
Hamlin	81 [illegible]	80 82	[illegible]	1715 45	[illegible]	[illegible]	243 09	127 08	118 01	755 46	579 39	176 07	120 00	53 00	67 00
Hamilton	23 14	21 76	1 38	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	155 27	[illegible]	[illegible]	654 86	334 42	250 44	76 00	22 00	54 00
Keating	226 39	[illegible]	[illegible]	3541 42	[illegible]	[illegible]	509 41	410 87	98 54	1518 01	1360 19	257 82	186 00	37 00	149 00
Kane, 1st Ward	149 19	120 79	28 40	[illegible]	664 01	[illegible]	127 17	81 15	45 96	390 29	249 41	190 88	68 00	10 00	58 00
" 2d "	432 12	432 12		906 64	[illegible]	462 56	125 67	64 84	[illegible]	394 34	195 68	188 66	87 00	21 00	66 00
" 3d "	160 25	[illegible]	20 24	[illegible]	532 65	261 47	212 57	75 07	37 40	235 28	122 23	111 15	41 00	14 00	27 00
" 4th "	46 45	46 45		[illegible]	217 70	[illegible]	69 22	[illegible]	[illegible]	206 75	90 41	116 34	48 00	3 00	45 00
Liberty Township	15 17	12 20	2 97	[illegible]	[illegible]	1141 32	258 82	[illegible]	205 94	774 61	149 18	625 43	131 00	8 00	123 00
Lafayette	78 77	68 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	614 26	278 02	[illegible]	88 42	822 90	560 10	263 63	116 00	23 00	93 00
Mt. Jewett Boro	66 28	41 17	25 11	[illegible]	441 62	255 75	110 62	62 17	[illegible]	329 87	190 83	139 04	68 00	15 00	53 00
Norwich Township	151 22	151 22		[illegible]	[illegible]	890 37	268 21	[illegible]	[illegible]	855 60	438 48	417 21	118 00	38 00	80 00
Otto	81 20	80 20	1 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	321 64	219 81	[illegible]	20 30	687 59	535 12	152 47	125 00	51 00	74 00
Port Allegany Boro	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	288 28	260 17	[illegible]	[illegible]	642 82	549 03	93 90	71 00	19 00	52 00
Smethport Boro	2157 15	2073 77	85 38	[illegible]	[illegible]	320 00	198 56	[illegible]	[illegible]	541 60	385 41	155 19	44 00	7 00	37 00
Sergeant Township	15 56	15 78		[illegible]	[illegible]	150 12	202 04	[illegible]	27 35	693 92	607 15	86 77	51 00	28 00	23 00
Wetmore	10 28	6 80	3 48	1341 97	[illegible]	1137 22	278 08	115 15	162 93	832 72	344 37	488 35	105 00	24 00	81 00
Total	7027 65	5567 85	1029 77	64409 71	20707 43	16722 25	6593 64	4417 81	2176 13	14471 79	9461 67	5010 12	2572 00	686 20	1886 80

AMOUNT of seated and unseated taxes collected by Co. Treas. during 1898, due from former years.

DISTRICTS.	STATE. Rec'd.	COUNTY. Rec'd.	BRIDGE B. Rec'd.	POOR. Rec'd.	DOG. Rec'd.
Annin Township		$ 328 63	65	$ 116 06	$ 6[illegible] 43
Bradford	4 53	228 16		112 76	125 64
Bradford City, 1st W.	712 71	1117 82			13 70
" " 2d "	678 96	182 75			19 80
" " 3d "	394 24	542 75			21 85
" " 4th "	17 21	128 57			17 55
" " 5th "	6 64	670 55			1 73
" " 6th "	521 94	304 20			23 40
Ceres Township		67 80		36 13	16 02
Corydon	22 13	373 66		216 75	26 03
Eldred		125 87		41 15	38 71
" Boro	6 08	182 51		56 04	12 97
Foster Township	67 81	142 05		115 52	88 74
Hamlin		705 75		252 02	43 86
Hamilton	1 72	173 18		174 28	26 47
Keating	23 31	297 73		290 38	72 20
Kane, 1st Wd	65 94	200 30		64 56	22 50
" 2d "	7 35	345 72		113 00	32 30
" 3d "	7 60	134 40		34 02	8 71
Liberty Township	14 30	854 60		291 17	128 60
Lafayette		148 57		158 22	71 32
Mt. Jewett Boro	50 70	219 84		32 20	29 85
Norwich Township	10 43	1022 12		347 21	76 20
Otto	1 16	292 64		50 22	51 11
Port Allegany Boro	20 60	[illegible]		56 70	99 93
Smethport		258 71		50 75	13 79
Sergeant Township		266 08		86 06	8 08
Wetmore		816 02		297 41	65 28
Totals	2041 09	13751 [illegible]	65	3078 77	1368 16

J. F. DAVIS, sheriff of McKean county, in account with the said county for the fiscal year ending Jan. 1, 1899.

J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.

Dr.

To fines collected during year 1898	10 00	
To Commonwealth costs collected during year 1898	540 75	
To Quarter Sess. Jury fees transferred collected	48 33	
To Quarter Sess. Jury fees nol prossed	23 00	
To Common Pleas fees collected	60 00	
To one year's wages turnkey at $40 per month	480 00	
To amt rec'd on acc't	1500 00	
To balance due	626 76	2836 84

Cr.

By bal due last auditors' report	532 80	
By election proclamation	15 00	
By making report to State Board Public Charities	20 00	
By com. on fines collected $10 00 at 3 per cent	1 20	
By taking prisoners to penitentiary	280 74	
By drawing and summoning jurors	228 29	
By check to T. B. Clark for fines, jury fees and Court costs collected	717 08	
By board of prisoners to date 460 days 56 2-7 weeks at $3.01 per week	1738 30	2836 84

E. R. SHERMAN, Coroner of McKean county, in account with the said county for the fiscal year ending Jan. 1, 1899.

Dr.

Orders drawn on account	224 24	
Balance due for 1898	43 54	267 78

Cr.

By balance due 1897	64 24	
By inquests, mileage and jury fees	203 54	267 78

W. A. YOUNG, T. F. HUNGIVILLE and LEMUEL DAVIS, Commissioners of McKean county, in account with the said county for the fiscal year ending Jan. 1, 1899.

W. A. YOUNG.

Dr.

To orders drawn on acc't	885 00	
To balance due on 1898	122 00	1007 00

Cr.

By balance due 1897	107 50	
By 257 days as Com'r at $3.50	899 50	1007 00

T. F. HUNGIVILLE.

Dr.

To orders drawn on acc't	475 00	
To balance due on 1898	490 83	965 83

Cr.

By balance due 1897	52 33	
By 261 days as Com'r at $3.50	913 50	965 83

LEMUEL DAVIS.

Dr.

To orders drawn on account	916 43	
To balance due on 1898	23 50	939 93

Cr.

By balance due 1897	32 43	
By 270 days as Com'r at $3.50	[illegible]	939 93

RECEIPTS OF McKEAN COUNTY.

To amt in Treas. Jan. 24, 1898	14671 08	
To amt rec'd liquor license	2110 00	
To amt transferred from dog fund	1161 28	
To amt fines collected	10 00	
To amt rec'd from J. F. Davis, sheriff	677 08	
To amt rec'd from various sources by Co. Com'rs, chgd to Treas.	6140 83	
To amt unseated tax collected	8430 41	
To amt seated tax collected	34481 62	
To amt State tax collected	3741 03	
To amt bal in Treas. Bridge Bond, Jan. 24, 1898	3501 19	
To amt bridge bond tax collected	[illegible]	
To amt rec'd from alien tax	220 26	64452 18

EXPENDITURES OF McKEAN COUNTY.

Paid W. A. Young, Com'r	885 00	
" Lemuel Davis, "	916 43	
" T. F. Hungiville, Com'r	475 00	
" S. D. Weaver, Commissioners' clerk	750 00	
Paid assistant Com'rs' clerk	752 25	
" T. F. Richmond, solicitor	379 60	
Paid Prothonotary fees	650 56	
" traveling expenses	225 74	
" Turnkey H. Beaver	480 00	
" miscellaneous items	10 75	
" J. F. Davis, sheriff	1820 63	
" State taxes	7390 11	
" County Auditors	259 01	
" Jury Com'rs and clerk	357 62	
" H. G. Rush, janitor	600 04	
" Constables' returns	187 84	
" Justice fees and discharged transcripts	551 73	
Paid court stenographer	969 33	
" Court Crier and Tipstaves	759 27	
Paid Commonwealth costs	2564 32	
" taxes refunded	200 17	
" bounty fees	169 00	
" Penn'a Reform School	1171 24	
" grand jurors	727 25	
" traverse jurors	4516 63	
" Assessors for assessing	2145 28	
" " " registering	2423 91	
" election expenses	2846 20	
" jail expenses, repairs	22 20	
" " physician	30 05	
" " merchandise	45 82	
" " expenses, plumbing	47 05	
" " drugs	10 53	
" Western Penitentiary	2443 54	
" publishing and printing	2722 61	
" road views and damages	330 00	
" freight, express, postage and telegrams	123 94	
Paid fuel and lights	650 00	
" court house expenses and repairs	266 13	
Paid Coroner's inquests	224 24	
" indigent soldier's burial expenses	125 00	
Paid books and stationery	288 35	
" bridge expenses	1413 80	
" " bond interest	630 00	
" " "	2100 00	
" water for court house and jail	112 53	
Paid E. R. Mayo for auditing Pro. accounts	15 00	
Paid E. L. Keenan, attorney for Auditors	5 00	
Paid fire wardens	134 22	
" autopsy	144 00	
" Eugene Mullin for assisting Dist. Att'y in murder case of Ellis Timms	150 00	
Paid T. B. Clark, Treas., for land purchased by county	113 24	
Paid county school institute	200 00	
" outstanding order for 1897	33 00	
Paid Treas. com. on $65271.33 at 1½ per cent	1143 46	
Bal due county fund in treasury	25023 03	
Bal due bridge bond in treasury	2849 37	
Bal due alien fund in treasury	103 26	64452 18

COUNTY ASSETS.

Amt due county from State fire warden	51 41	
Amt due county uncollected taxes for 1898	16722 25	
Amt due county uncollected taxes for 1896	50 35	
Amt due county uncollected taxes for 1897	515 11	
Amt due state fund uncollected for 1898	1029 77	
Amt due State funds uncollected for 1896	1078 15	
Amt due state funds uncollected for 1897	1257 14	
Amt due dog funds uncollected for 1898	1886 80	
Amt due dog funds uncollected for 1896	77 56	
Amt due dog funds uncollected for 1897	314 04	
Amt due county funds from dog funds transferrable	668 24	
Amt due county ¼ State tax	520 72	
Amt county funds in Treas.	25023 03	
Amt bridge fund funds in treasury	2849 37	
Amt due bridge bond uncollected	2176 13	67245 11

COUNTY LIABILITIES.

Bridge bonds outstanding	7500 00	
Commonwealth costs (estimated)	1750 00	
Outstanding indebtedness, sundry items (estimated)	2500 00	
State tax	7027 65	
Western penitentiary	2240 44	
Penn'a Reform school	362 32	
Assets in excess of liabilities	45138 47	67245 11

W. A. YOUNG, T. F. HUNGIVILLE and LEMUEL DAVIS, County Commissioners, in account with the Poor District of McKean county for the fiscal year ending Jan. 1, 1899.

W. A. YOUNG.

Dr.

To orders drawn on acc't	110 00	
To balance due	19 35	129 35

Cr.

By balance due 1897	28 60	
By 29¼ days service at $3.50	100 75	129 35

T. F. HUNGIVILLE.

Dr.

Balance due	221 80	221 80

Cr.

By balance due 1897	101 05	
By 34½ days service at $3.50	120 75	221 80

LEMUEL DAVIS.

Dr.

To orders drawn on acc't	39 75	
To balance due	37 25	77 00

Cr.

By balance due 1897	29 75	
By 13½ days service at $3.50	47 25	77 00

RECEIPTS OF POOR FUND.

To amt due fund last auditors' report	4050 25	
To amt unseated tax and interest collected	2391 50	
To amt seated tax collected	9712 14	
To amt rec'd from various sources	4104 23	20258 11

EXPENDITURES OF POOR FUND.

By amt paid W. A. Young, Com'r	110 00	
By amt paid Lemuel Davis, Com'r	39 75	
By amt paid S. D. Weaver, clerk	300 00	
By amt paid T. F. Richmond, attorney	137 50	
By amt paid outside relief	2730 23	
By amt paid County Auditors	149 22	
By amt paid State asylum	3481 36	
By amt paid care feeble minded children	56 52	
By amt paid justice fees, order relief, &c	109 90	
By amt paid farm expenses	1402 62	
By amt paid extra expenses	179 32	
By amt paid T. H. Ryan, superintendent's salary	787 57	
By amt paid traveling expenses	303 96	
By amt paid physician in lunacy	166 00	
By amt paid provisions	1817 64	
By amt paid clothing	430 05	
By amt paid furniture	7 00	
By amt paid Dr. Hurd Chadwick, poor house physician	450 00	
By amt paid medicine and supplies	439 28	
By amt paid publishing and printing	25 14	
By amt paid freight, express, telegrams and postage	62 60	
By amt paid insurance	411 00	
By amt paid fuel and lights	420 37	
By amt paid building and improvements	1208 82	
By amt paid ordinary repairs	63 64	
By amt paid books and stationery	10 50	
By amt paid coffins	225 00	
By amt paid salaries on farm	1335 24	
By amt paid tobacco	29 71	
By amt paid furnishings	247 97	
By amt paid blacksmithing	22 05	
By amt paid miscellaneous	11 00	
By amt paid Treas. com. on $16507.89 at 1½ per cent	283 64	
Balance due fund	2351 89	20258 11

POOR ASSETS.

Amt due fund from uncollected taxes	5130 02	
Amt due fund from Bradford City Poor District	373 75	
Amt due fund from various sources (estimated)	875 00	
Amt funds in Treas.	2351 89	8728 66

POOR LIABILITIES.

Sundry unpaid bills (est'd)	750 00	
Order outstanding to H. Hamlin & Son	3043 00	
Amt due Warren Asylum	1080 00	
Amt assets in excess of liabilities	3844 66	8728 66

STATEMENT

Showing cost of keeping each inmate per week at the Poor House for the fiscal year ending Jan. 1, 1899.

Total cost of keeping inmates	5702 08	5702 08
Boarding inmates [illegible] days or [illegible] weeks at $[illegible] per week	5702 08	5702 08

We, the undersigned Commissioners of McKean County and McKean County Poor District, do hereby certify that the foregoing statement of receipts and expenditures and statement of Assets and liabilities are correct and true.

LEMUEL DAVIS,
T. F. HUNGIVILLE, } Com'rs.

Attest:
S. D. WEAVER, Clerk.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
Cures Piles, Scalds, Burns.

NEW SPRING CARPETS.

Ready in advance with new spring styles and enough of them to show that we mean to do the carpet business of this section.

Nowhere else any such display; nowhere else any such good value for your money. And, in addition to having the largest stock to select from, and the most exquisite colorings and patterns, we sew all Carpets Free. We have over 300 new patterns on show, and if you are in need of a carpet, we want to hear from you. All the designs we show, you cannot find elsewhere, as our styles are confined to us exclusively. It's a great satisfaction to trade here, as our values are always right.

A big line of brussels at 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c. A line of Axminsters, Best Velvets, Body Brussels and Moquettes at 79c, sewed and delivered. These pieces range from 16 to 50 yards each, and former prices were from $1.00 to $1.25 per yard, but during this sale, we are going to sell them at 79c.

50 patterns in best brussels at 90c and Royal Wilton Velvets at $1.09.

These are our special values and they comprise the new colors—reds, greens, blues and browns. Pretty patters in halls and stairs, and beautiful borders to match all patterns.

Large stock of Wilton rugs in large sizes 8 ft 3x10 6 and 9x12, $30 and $35.

We want your trade and would like to correspond about Carpets, &c.

ANDREWS & CONKLING,

135-137-139 North Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

Harness! Carriages! Horseclothing!

Our stock is complete and our prices can't be beat. Our goods will bear inspection and are strictly up to date.

Harness, hand made, in stock or to order as you like.

Something new in rubber-tired carriages. In horse clothing—anything you like. We are the people who save you money.

Coast, Stone & Coast,

258 N. Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

ATTENTION!

BARGAIN DAY SALE

R. Seger & Son will on all Saturdays hereafter, commencing with

Saturday, December 3rd, 1898,

have a bargain day sale. This is no fake sale but a genuine bona fide sale. All goods will be marked down far below the average price. These sales will only last one day each week and no goods can be bought during the week at these prices. The following are a few of the bargains that will be on sale next Saturday:

- Men's Heavy Winter Box Coats, formerly $15.00, on sale Saturday at $12.00.
- Men's Fine Blue Kerseys, formerly $14 and $15, on Saturday $10 and $12.
- Men's Fine All Wool Suits, from $8 up to $16, on sale Saturday from $5 up to $12.
- Boy's All Wool Suits, $4 up to $11, for this sale, $3 up to $8.
- Men's All Wool Underwear, $2.00 suit, this sale, $1.50 a suit.
- All Ties 39c and 19c.
- Shoes, $1.50 up to $5, this sale $1.00 up to $4.00.
- Cuffs, formerly 50c and 25c, for Sat. 40c and 20c.

All other goods in our store marked accordingly low. It will pay you to call and examine this entire new line and see some of the astonishing bargains we offer. Don't forget the date.

R. SEGER & SON,

Reilly Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF:

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING

AND

DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, Penna.

IN BRADFORD

You can save money on most lines, and select from the widest variety.

This store carries most of the things that you buy, outside of food and dress. Most of our customers wish that we sold those things, too. If we carry a line you may be sure that we carry everything that belongs to it. We buy and sell so much that we can sell many things for less than most dealers can buy them.

You will find it very agreeable and profitable if you will get in the habit of coming here.

CHINA We carry one hundred styles of dinner sets, ranging in price from $6.75 to $250.00. All other china lines equally as varied. We import our foreign china direct.

LAMPS Among our several hundred lamp styles, you will find some remarkable bargains. For instance, we are selling some lamps now for $3.50 that we picked up in New York. Last spring we paid almost twice that for the very same lamps.

SKATES We sell steel skates for men and boys—skates with Winslow's National Club Lever—for 40c per pair.

INCANDESCENT BURNERS—75 CTS.

The Apollo incandescent gas burner lasts longer than any other, and gives a white, clear light. We sell them, shade, chimney and all, for 75c. Apollo mantles, 18c.

RELIABLE GAS RANGES.

We have sold hundreds of these ranges around Bradford, and have never yet had a complaint. They are not only the best gas ranges—but better than all other ranges in fully twenty points. Prices $13.50 up.

HORSE GOODS. We can save you probably 20 per cent. on a harness. We can save you on blankets and show you fifty styles. We can furnish you anything that a horse owner needs.

EMERY & WEAVER.

L. Emery, Jr., & Co., Bradford.

NEW GOODS AT STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG.

Call and examine same. Prices as low as the lowest.

Prices on all Winter Goods reduced to make room for Spring stock.

Several lines of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes at cost to close.

D. C. YOUNG,

Smethport, Pa.

Dec. 28, 1898.

NEW SPRING GOODS

everything new in
Muslins
Dress Goods
Hosiery
Shoes and
Fine Table Linen

This will be the finest line of Dry Goods we have ever handled and we mean to make prices that will sell at once. Come now and get your pick of this stock.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Model Restaurant,

ALFRED HAGBERG, Propr.

I have recently purchased the Restaurant of W. G. Holder and am now prepared to serve

Hot or Cold Lunches and Meals at all Hours.

I also keep on hand the best, freshest and most complete stock of

OYSTERS AND FISH

to be found anywhere. Give me a trial and be convinced.

Tracy Block, Smethport, Pa.

Special Trade Winners This Week

- —Dainty Laces and Embroideries
- —Fancy Buckles
- —Elegant Petticoats
- —Handsome Dress Trimmings
- —Additional Dress Patterns
- —New Linings, including "Nearsilk."

We have made a specially advantageous purchase in

carpets, mattings, oil cloths,

and give our friends the benefit. See our line before you buy.

Groceries.

Always fresh and good. Let us feed you.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Smethport, Pa.

Prompt attention to mail orders.

Photographs

This has been a busy season and attests the fact that the pictures I make give perfect satisfaction. When you want a good Article go to the place where the most business is done.

Graphophones

The acme of perfection it seems has been reached in the manufacture of these machines. Come and listen free of charge. No trouble.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

DO YOU KNOW
that when you are smoking an
AMERICAN GENLEMAN CIGAR
you are receiving more real value for your money than any other ten cigar offers you?

IF YOU DON'T KNOW get into the band wagon and KNOW WHY. At all first-class cigar stands.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, FEB. 3, 1899.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Grip is raging in East Smethport to quite an extent.

—Hazelhurst promises to be the liveliest town in the county.

—A little more gas, please, these cold mornings, Mr. Dunn.

—The latest definition of a "cracker sack" is "biscuit John."

—Mrs. Casper Smith of Farmers Valley has been quite ill with grip.

—Mrs. J. C. Gallup was confined to the house the first of the week with grip.

—Miss Agnes McCoy is confined to the house with rheumatism. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

—The Bradford Glass Company of Hazelhurst ships out forty car loads of glass a month, says the Bradford Star.

—The ground hog held a reception with his shadow yesterday and of course we will have six weeks of sleighing in March.

—Don't forget to read J. Colegrove's advertisement this week and see what he has to offer at his bargain day sale tomorrow.

—The MINER is in receipt of a fine piece of music, The Cotton Pickers' Rag, presented by E. L. Smith of Olean. Its price is 25 cents.

—The friends and relatives of the late Mrs. Cornelius desire to thank all who so kindly assisted during her last illness and at the funeral rites.

—There are many sidewalks in the borough that are sadly in need of repairs. They should be attended to as soon as the weather will permit.

—An opera house or town hall is an absolute necessity in this town and would be a paying investment for anyone. By all means let us have an opera house.

—There is a woman in Paterson, N. J., who recently cut off about an inch and a half of her tongue in order to avoid talking too much. Now she can't utter a word.

—J. W. Bouton does not intend to rebuild a residence at present on the site of the one burned. He will move his family to the house they previously occupied on West King street.

—A handsome silver service was given away at the Grand Central Hotel yesterday, the fortunate recipient of the gift being Miss Marie Cramsie of Coleman street.—Olean Democrat. This must be a former resident of this place.

—Messrs. Foley Bros., Olean, N. Y., have just completed a contract with H. A. Jamieson of Warren, Pa., for the erection of a monument to be placed in the coming spring, which will be the largest in Warren county.—Warren Mirror.

—Mrs. Horace Stark died at her home in Hazelhurst of pneumonia on Saturday afternoon, aged about 65 years. The deceased was well known and highly respected throughout the section in which she lived. The funeral was held on Tuesday.

—T. H. Ryan took a Mrs. Grimm of Mt. Jewett to the Warren asylum on Monday, and brought back from the Reese hospital J. Chapman, 18 years of age, a McKean county charge, who 7 years ago had both legs cut off by a railroad train.

—The following letters remain in the Smethport postoffice for the week ending Jan. 28, 1899: Jerry Dice, Wm Donnelly, James E. Harris, Miss Jeanette McAhon, Mrs. Kate Morrow and Miss Mary Seighrist. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—The Barker House at Rixford was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday night. The inmates barely escaped and only a small portion of the furnishings were saved. The house was owned by John Greer, who was in Port Allegany at the time of the fire. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

—The following is copied from an exchange: "When a splinter has been driven deeply into the hand it can be extracted by steam. Nearly fill a wide mouthed bottle with very hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The suction thus produced will draw the flesh down and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter and inflammation together."

—The streets of the borough were never so fine as they have been during the present week, being frozen as solid as a rock and smooth as a floor. It was truly a pleasure to ride over them.

—At the Democratic caucus Tuesday night the following ticket was nominated: Council, Chas. McKean, Dan Bacon and C. W. Lilgendahl; School Directors, Dr. H. L. McCoy and Carl Sasse; High Constable, "Billy" Black; Constable, Charles Bates; Auditor, A. D. Doyle; Judge of Election, D. L. Forsyth; Inspector of Election, John Hungerford.

—Rev. Dr. Walker announced last Sunday evening that he would deliver a number of lecture sermons on some of the miracles of Jesus beginning next Sunday evening, Feb. 5. Subject in the morning at 10:30: God our Sun and Shield—Christianity an Inspiration and Defence. In the evening, 7:30: The Water and Wine, the first miracle of Jesus.

—Willard McKinstry, the oldest newspaper editor in the State of New York, died at his home in Fredonia last Thursday. The deceased was born in Chicopee, Mass., in 1815, and for over 50 years had been editor of the Fredonia Censor. This is a long time to wear the editorial harness, but he has gone to his final reward where he will not be troubled by the sight of delinquent subscribers.

—An Arkansas printer in making up the forms in a hurry the other day got a marriage notice and a grocer's advertisement mixed up so that it read as follows: "John Brown and Ida Gray were united in the holy sauer krout, by the quart or barrel. Mr. Brown is a well known young codfish at ten cents a pound while the bride, Miss Gray, has some nice pig's feet which will be sold cheaper than at any store in town.

—Ever since last Thursday night the residents of Bradford have been greatly exercised over a loud report heard there which no one has been able to locate or explain. A young typo at the writer's side suggests that it might have been one of Tom Hungiville's Sibley booms that had been overlooked during the last campaign, and like an old war horse scenting the mayorality fight it got wrought up to such a pitch that an explosion followed.

—The following most excellent ticket was placed in nomination by the Republicans at the caucus last Saturday night: For Councilmen, three years, Jas. A. McKean, Jonas Yerdon and Chas. Johnson; For School Directors, E. R. Mayo, and John N. Apple; For Constable, H. L. Burlingame; For High Constable, C. O. Anderson; For Judge of Election, H. E. Tull; For Inspector of Election, C. H. Burlingame; For Auditor, R. C. Sasse.

—The MINER wishes to congratulate the juvenile choir of St. Luke's church for the excellent work performed by them last Sunday night. When it is taken into consideration that St. Luke's has one of the finest choirs in the State it is remarkable how well these little tots conducted themselves. 'Tis true their voices are not strong but they went through the lengthy service without a break. In a few years the older choir will find it necessary to watch out for their laurels.

—School Directors throughout the county should be interested in the outcome of the trial of a board of directors in Luzerne county. Charges made against them by tax payers are that they did not enforce the act requiring entrances to the boys and girls' outhouses to be divided by fences; did not have the annual financial statement entered on the minutes nor have it properly printed, and did not visit the school as required by law. It is probable that few school boards in the county have complied with all these requirements.—Ex.

—The editor of the Lewistown Journal of is a man discretion. This is one of his items: "A South Portland girl, while making some cute little curlicky bean catchers on the back of her neck, lost the grip on her curling tongs and dropped them down her back inside her clothing. A great deal might be said in regard to the accident, but it really don't seem necessary." If this young lady had only possessed forethought enough to have worn the costume that adorns the person of our young town's lady, who swings Indian clubs in the "wee sma" hours of the morning, she would have escaped serious pain and lots of trouble.

—A pretty wedding was celebrated yesterday at the Hotel Snyder when Miss Grace Jacobs and James Fitzpatrick of New Castle, Pa., were united in marriage by Justice P. S. Collins. The young people were attended by Miss Mary Wallaisse and S. E. Collins of New Castle, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick left on the 1 o'clock train over the W. N. Y. & P. railroad for Smethport, where they will make their future home.—Friday's Olean Times. This accounts for the happy and contented look that has been adorning Jim's face for several days, likewise his mysterious actions. The MINER wishes the happy couple abundant happiness.

—It isn't very long ago since a well known merchant of Franklin was a visitor in this office urging the editor to warn people against going out of town to buy articles of various kinds when they could be gotten practically as cheap at home, thus helping the home business and keeping the money here. It was a very sensible and reasonable request and it was acceded to readily. Our solicitor saw the same merchant last week and was informed that inasmuch as the prices of a Cleveland job printer was a few cents cheaper per thousand on billheads, letterheads, etc., he had decided to give the Cleveland wholesale concern his patronage. The very worst feature of this story is that the quality of the Cleveland goods was not half as fine as our own, neither was the workmanship. These are some of the little things that go to make the newspaper and job printing business monotonous.—Franklin Citizen-Press. Such characters are to be found in every place. They are well pleased to secure free notices in a newspaper, but prefer to have their job work done outside to save a few cents.

—The MINER would respectfully suggest to the honorable board of council and the water company that they get together and devise some method of better fire protection for our borough. Our town has within the last three months passed through three disastrous fires. An inadequate supply of water has been the cry that has gone forth after each fire. There ought to be something done in the matter. The reservoir holds a sufficient supply of water to deluge any fire if properly handled, but there is something wrong somewhere. The fire plugs are not properly taken care of. The water company claims that it is the duty of the council to see that these fire plugs are properly cared for, but in some manner the plugs are left to care for themselves and when a fire occurs there is a scarcity of water. This ought not to continue. The council and the water company can accomplish much to help the condition of our water supply if they work together, but if they remain apart nothing will be accomplished. Now, gentlemen, the MINER respectfully asks you to get together and see if some way cannot be devised to give us better fire protection. Each side pulling in a different direction is comparatively helpless, but if they work together for the benefit of the public much can be gained.

MONDAY NIGHT'S FIRE.

The Large Residence of J. W. Bouton on East King Street Totally Destroyed. Nearly All the Household Goods Were Saved.

About 7:30 Monday evening the gas whistle on the hose house sent forth its dread alarm. The residence of J. W. Bouton on King street was discovered to be on fire and in a short time a large crowd had gathered, anxious to do what they could to stay the destruction of property.

The fire was first discovered by Mr. Bouton in the bath room on the first floor, toward the rear of the building and is thought to have been started in some way by a gas jet. Before any water was secured the flames were bursting through the roof. An effort was made by those first on the scene to extinguish the fire by forming a bucket brigade. The difficulties under which they labored soon stopped them and nothing could be done until a stream from the hose was turned on.

The hose company was promptly on deck, but were almost hopelessly handicapped by the insufficient water supply. The hydrants on King street were found to be useless and only a small stream was obtained by attaching to the plug at the corner of Main and Mechanic street. By the time this stream was reinforced by the Extract pump the wise ones foresaw that the building was doomed.

During this time nearly all the furniture, clothing, etc., in the house had been taken out, although damaged considerably, and the attention of the workers was turned toward saving the adjoining properties. The residence of B. L. Knapp was in great danger as the breeze that was blowing made the sparks fly in that direction in showers. All of the household goods were made ready for immediate removal and willing hands soon carried them to a place of safety. Wet carpets were placed on the side of the house exposed to the flames and the gallant fighters soon had the building out of danger. The residence occupied by John Eastman, also owned by Mr. Bouton, situated on west side of the burned building was saved from destruction by excellent work.

The iron roof on the Bouton building kept the fire down to a great extent and aided greatly the efforts of those who saved the Knapp residence from burning.

The burned building was the largest residence in the borough and was occupied, before being purchased by Mr. Bouton, as a sanitarium by the late Dr. S. D. Freeman for a number of years. It has been on fire twice before, but little damage was done either time.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the untiring work done by the hose company and others. Several instances were observed of zealous helpers fairly risking their lives in the battle with the flames.

Mr. Bouton's house was insured for $2,000 and the furniture for $1,000. Mr. Knapp also sustained a loss incidental to the hurried removal of furniture etc., from the house.

Mr. Bouton takes a philosophical view of his loss and says it might have been far worse. Mrs. Bouton was ill at the time, but we understand suffered little from the excitement.

The inadequate water supply is an old story and has been a painful subject for a number of years, but the time has come when the people of Smethport must register a grand kick for better water service or live in constant dread of fire. The hydrants on King street have been found to be practically worthless as far as getting water from them is concerned, and more costly lessons of the same kind may be learned. The citizens of this town pay a good sum yearly for water for fire protection and should have it. Now is the time to act. Don't wait until several thousand more dollars go up in smoke before anything is done.

Death of C. B. Whitehead.

Charles B. Whitehead at died 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at his home, No. 11 Delaware avenue. Some time ago Mr. Whitehead contracted la grippe and after an illness of about two weeks improved so he was able to walk about the house. He suffered a relapse, however, and an attack of acute bronchitis, aggravated by hemorrhages that followed, baffled the skill of his physicians and resulted in death. Mr. Whitehead was in his 59th year and is survived by a daughter, Mary and son, Waldo. The children were attending school in Tioga county, but were summoned home last week and were at the bedside of their father when the end came. Mr. Whitehead has been largely identified with the progress of Bradford and was among the most influential men of the city. He was widely known in the oil regions and his death will be sincerely regretted by hosts of friends.

Charles B. Whitehead was born in Lawrenceville, Tioga county, Pa., Jan. 8, 1840. He was a son of Isaac and Sarah Whitehead, former residents of Massachusetts. His father moved to Tioga county in 1830 and remained there until the time of his death in 1848. The subject of this sketch was reared in his native county, where he attended the common schools and subsequently became a student in the high school at Spring Mills, N. Y. In 1860 he went to Titusville, where he was employed by Brewer & Watson, pioneer oil producers of the Oil Creek region. After two years of service in Titusville, Mr. Whitehead went to Oil City and worked there four years for Fisher Bros. He then returned to Tioga county and with his uncle, A. W. Lugg, opened a mercantile establishment at Nelson. In 1870 he sold his interest and started a hotel at Blossburg. The hotel business was not to his taste, however, and after four years in Blossburg, he opened a drug store at Wellsboro. In 1878 he decided to return to the oil country and came to Bradford and engaged in the oil producing business. By the exercise of good judgment and excellent business ability, he soon amassed a comfortable fortune, a portion of which is now invested in Bradford real estate. Mr. Whitehead was a staunch Democrat and served as postmaster during the first presidential term of Grover Cleveland. In 1882 he was elected a member of the select branch of the councils and served three terms before retiring. When Tarport was annexed to the city he was again elected councilman and served one year in the common branch. During his career as a councilman Mr. Whitehead was identified with much local legislation that was of great importance to the city. He always took a deep interest in all matters of public interest and never feared to express his opinion on such questions. He was a frequent contributor to the local press and articles from his pen were always of sufficient importance to attract general interest. Deceased was prominent in Masonic circles.—Wednesday's Era.

La grippe is again epidemic. Every precaution should be taken to avoid it. Its specific cure is One Minute Cough Cure. A. J. Shepard, publisher Agricultural Journal and Advertiser, Eldon, Mo., says: "No one will be disappointed in using One Minute Cough Cure for la grippe." Pleasant to take, quick to act. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Notice, Sale.

"I have 2 sets heavy sleighs, 1 set light sleighs, 1 lumber wagon, 1 horse, 1 colt, 1 set heavy harness, 1 set light harness which I will sell at a very low figure. Call at residence.

3-4t MRS. E. H. TAYLOR.

OBITUARY

MRS. CHLOTHIA CORNELIUS.

Mrs. Chlothia Cornelius died at the residence of Otis Ford in this borough on Saturday last of heart failure, aged 83 years, 3 months and 23 days.

Deceased was born in Massachusetts in 1811 and when 11 years of age moved to Farmers Valley with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Heman Calkins. In 1832 she was united in marriage at Farmers Valley to David E. Cornelius, who departed this life on September 16, 1865.

Mrs. Cornelius leaves to mourn her demise three daughters, Mrs. J. H. Porterfield, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; Mrs. L. Sloan, Smethport; Mrs. Minard Babcock, Dakota; one son, C. H. Cornelius, Coryville, and one brother, C. D. Calkins of East Smethport, whose 89th birthday occurred last June.

The out of town relatives present were Mr. and Mrs. A. Stull of Larabee, Mr. John Stull of Coryville, Mrs. Heman Calkins and W. J. Vorhies of Olean, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Provin of Warsaw, Mrs. Hiram Ault, Elmer Ault and C. K. Smith.

The funeral services were held at the house at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Bennett officiating. Interment in Farmers Valley cemetery.

MISS HATTIE BROCKHAM

Miss Hattie Brockham died at the home of her parents in Farmers Valley on Monday, aged 16 years and 6 months.

The cause of death is thought to have been a fall she received while skating on Gifford's pond in this borough, which partially paralyzed her side. Miss Brockham was employed at the Grand Central until some time last week when she went home, but was in town Saturday. Monday morning she was taken ill and at 4 o'clock sank into a slumber from which she never awakened, dying at about 8 o'clock.

Her youthful days of sixteen summers were full of much promise, suggested by her keen ambition and untiring perseverance. May peaceful reflections soothe the dear friends of her whose sun has sunk from sight while in the bright morning of her life.

The funeral was held at Farmers Valley on Wednesday, Rev. Bennett conducting the services.

JUST JOTTINGS.

A Smethport young lady in describing her feelings toward a young man whom she disliked, said: "Every time I speak to him it makes my mouth taste as if I had been eating onions."

* * *

The introduction of a license system in Potter county will mean the extinction of the pig's ears—the most prolific source of news for the papers of that county. However, nearly all the papers have been fighting them for a number of years, which shows what a martyr the average editor will make of himself for what he believes to be for the public good.

* * *

"It is quite natural that those who have 'dough' should compose the 'upper crust' of society," remarked a sad-eyed man in front of the Central Sunday.

* * *

If Aguinaldo could see himself as portrayed by American cartoonists, he would open hostilities with our army at once or commit suicide.

* * *

Words of praise are heard on all sides concerning the excellent work done at the recent fire by the young boys. These little fellows certainly did noble work and saved much property that would otherwise have been destroyed. The boys are rather more careful in the way they handle furniture, crockery, etc., than some of their elder brethren.

* * *

Suggestions for bettering our water facilities for fire protection are in order. A vast improvement over the present system would be a town pump so arranged that a hose could be attached. The borough council should look into this.

Keating Township Nominations.

REPUBLICAN.

Supervisors—Myron Terwilliger and Frank Fritz.

School Directors—John Badine and D. L. Haven.

Justices of the Peace—O. T. Chase and Casper Smith.

Constable—D. W. Derby.

Auditors—Will Reed and H. D. Otto.

Town Clerk—Everell Spencer.

DEMOCRAT.

Supervisors—Frank McGill and William Hall.

School Directors—W. S. Acre and W. J. Dibble.

Justices of the Peace—O. S. Greeley and Allen Oviatt.

Constable—Gardner Callen.

Auditor—V. S. Tyler.

Town Clerk—Jas. McCabe.

The Ravages of Grip.

That modern scourge, the grip, poisons the air with its fatal germs, so that no home is safe from its ravages, but multitudes have found a sure protection against this dangerous malady in Dr King's New Discovery. When you feel a soreness in your bones and muscles, have chills and fever, with sore throat, pain in the back of the head, catarrhal symptoms and a stubborn cough you may know you have the grip, and that you need Dr. King's New Discovery. It will promptly cure the worst cough, heal the inflamed membranes, kill the disease germs and prevent the dreaded after effects of the malady. Price 50cts and $1.00. Money back if not cured. A trial bottle free at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store.

Notice to Teachers.

The examination for applicants for permanent certificates will be held at Bradford, Friday and Saturday, March 31st and April 1st. Further information and blanks for application can be had by applying to

GEO. M. VALSING,
Bradford, Pa.

By order of
H. M. WILSON,
C. F. HAUGHNEY,
GEO. M. VALSING,
Com.

An Honest Medicine for La Grippe.

George W. Waitt of South Gardiner, Me., says: "I have had the worst cough, cold, chills and grip and have taken lots of trash of no account but profit to the vendor. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only thing that has done any good whatever. I have used one 50-cent bottle and the chills, cold and grip have all left me. I congratulate the manufacturers of an honest medicine." For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

For Sale.

A fine residence in Smethport, within 3 minutes' walk of the court house; gas, water and closets. The house is a two-story structure, large and commodious. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office.

Card of Thanks.

J. W. Bouton wishes to thank the hose company, and all others who so bravely assisted, for their efforts to save his property from destruction by fire last Monday night.

Paul Perry of Columbus, Ga., suffered agony for thirty years, and then cured his piles by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It heals injuries and skin diseases like magic. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Messrs. E. C. Henry & Co. are headquarters for the sale of Pittsburg stogies. Give them a trial.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

The finest of room moulding 50 varities to select from. Call on L. Neely Water street.

Neckwear in all colors and shapes at B. Seger & Son's.

PERSONAL MENTION

[illegible] with friends in town.

W. J. Vorhies of Olean was calling on friends in town Tuesday.

Arch Barbelier of Shawmahoning was the guest of his cousin, Geo. Hyde, the first of the week.

James McGuire returned home yesterday morning from several days visit in Elk and Forest counties.

F. A. Boyne, D. W. Leech and G. C. Cable of Bradford were transacting business in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Merrill of Geneva arrived in town Wednesday and have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs Henry Hamlin.

Mrs. C. T. Abell, who has been visiting her father, J. C. Cunningham for some time, returned to her home in Campbell, N. Y., on Wednesday.

Editor Lillibridge of Port Allegany was in town last Saturday. He centers all his hopes on Bryan and 16 to 1 regardless of the fact that it is a dead issue.

W. W. Tate and son, Rushmore of Wellsboro were guests at the Grand Central Saturday night. The young man enlisted in the army but the war was over before he reached the enemy's country.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell and Mrs. W. H. Morrison were called to Kennedy, N. Y., last Saturday to attend the funeral of William White of the above place which took place last Monday.

Abe Martin of Jamestown made his regular trip here this week. Mr. Martin possesses the happy faculty of making friends wherever he goes. Business cares do not seem to affect him in the slightest and he is always contented and happy.

Mr. D. Greer visited the oil metropolis yesterday. Mr. Greer contemplates coming out as a candidate for county commissioner. He is a man of ability and if the Republicans of McKean county should see fit to make him their candidate for that position he would be elected by an increased Republican vote.

Prof. Coles for February.

The month of February presents a strange and striking condition of planetary affairs. The planets are all on one side of the heavens, and two planets in each, every other, sign. The first and the fourth week of the month will be composed of "Low Ebb" days and the second and the third week of "High Flood" days; making a fighting combination of extraordinary character which may result in a great surprise even to the oldest inhabitant. The magnetic and the electric currents will be greatly confused and unbalanced and will cause strange electrical phenomena that will interfere with the running of all electrical machines, and cause strange electrical storms and a climatic condition known as the "suicide," or "crime wind," which is indicated by a soft, moist warmth that settles heavily on the earth, and drives people to madness. Just notice the awful crimes that the papers on both continents will record this month.

THE STORM SIGNALS.

The excess of "High Flood" days last month drove the awful storms to the other side of the world, according to our theory given in December forecasts. This month the "Low Ebb" forces are together and have completely surrounded the "High Flood" vital forces, as shown on our storm calendar, and what the result will be we cannot tell, because it is a new position in the play of the planets that has never been presented before, to our knowledge. And, a great sea of gaseous matter is passing over the sun, which if a break occurs in it any time between the 4th and 12th, the 14th and 18th or the 20th and 27th, will cause awful storms and floods, blizzards and snow blockades. Those living along rivers and streams should keep a careful watch out for the safety of their property, and their families. If a break does not occur then very unseasonable weather will predominate and much sickness will result from the gorged condition of rivers and streams—nature's open sewers—which are filled with deadly germs imprisoned in ice; the warm sun rays will burst their prison doors and allow them to escape, and an epidemic of fevers and bowel troubles will follow.

WARNING WORDS.

The first and the last week of this month will be, with the exceptions of the fourth and the twenty-second, composed of "Low Ebb" days and any business transactions performed on any of these days will eventually fall of success. The la grippe-mania will continue to spread over Europe and America, and will take on a new combination which may prove more fatal in its character. The shadow of the planet known as the "Black" or "Death Star" will pass over the Roman Empire this month and great sorrow will be almost sure to follow. More earthquake shocks will be felt during the present month, and destructive hurricanes will sweep over land and sea. From the 3d to the 28th will be danger days for sick people; as the magnetic currents will be very much unbalanced at that time. High gales and sleet storms will do much damage and "Jack Frost" will go south on a foraging expedition.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

During the present month every household should burn half a teaspoonful of ground coffee and a small pinch of saltpetre every other morning at least, for it will drive away many of the disease germs that are accumulating for the purpose of making an attack upon some member of your family.

The March issue will tell when to sow cabbage seeds to insure a good crop and will give other information of great value.

Anyone wishing to know the proper days to prune grape vines, trees, bushes and the like this month, or the days to sow tomato seed to assure a good crop, or when to set hens or start incubators, so as to hatch out strong, healthy "peeps," and other information most valuable may have the same all free, for postage, by addressing the undersigned as follows:

PROF. C. COLES,
Editor Storms and Signs,
Kingston, Pa., U. S. A., Jan. 21st, 1899.

Mid-Winter Excursion to Niagara Fall.

On account of the superb ice scenery at Niagara Falls, the W. N. Y. & P. Ry., will run a popular low rate excursion to Niagara Falls, Thursday, Feb. 9th. Train will leave Smethport at 9:10 a. m., arriving at Buffalo 12:30 noon, Niagara Falls 1:55 p. m. Fare for the round trip $2.25. Returning, tickets will be good for passage on all trains from Niagara Falls and Buffalo Feb. 9 and 10.

A great ice bridge has been formed at Niagara, between the Falls and Whirlpool Rapids, over which people can cross to the Canadian side in safety. The ice palace is worth seeing. Tickets of admission can be bought on the train at 10 cent each.

Excellent attractions are offered by the Buffalo theaters. Do not miss this opportunity for a mid-winter outing.

Dangers of the Grip.

The greatest danger from la grippe is from its resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for la grippe we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure la grippe in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

ANNIN CREEK.

Charley Clark was over from Shingle House Sunday.

Miss Anna Holcomb visited in Coudersport last week.

C. R. Tubbs has been spending a few days with his parents at Colegrove.

Revival meetings are in progress in the Baptist church conducted by Rev. H. N. Miller from New York State.

There are several victims of the grip in this place.

For La Grippe.

Thomas Whitfield & Co., 240 Wabash av., corner Jackson st., one of Chicago's oldest and most prominent druggists, recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la grippe, as it not only gives a prompt and complete relief, but also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

These are dangerous times for the health. Croup, colds and throat troubles lead rapidly to consumption. A bottle of One Minute Cough Cure used at the right time will preserve life, health and a large amount of money. Pleasant to take, Children like it. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Discount of 5 per cent on all purchases of $1.00 or more by paying cash at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s.

B. Seger & Son wish to call particular attention to their fine line of ladies' collars and cuffs.

When in need of a good smoke ask for the "Taken Girl" and "Mayflor" cigars.

Jewelry, &c., Is What We Have.

AND THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Watches, Diamonds, Solid Silver Table Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Cut Glass, Clocks. Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Charms, Toilet Ware and Silk Umbrellas

AND A MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS.

It will be of interest to everyone contemplating making purchases to call or write for what they may want.

All Goods Guaranteed at the Leading Jewelry and Optical Store of

LOOK FOR THE BIG WATCH SIGN.

C. H. ROBIE,

143 Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

DON'T MISS

The... Philadelphia Inquirer FOR 1899

Some of the special daily features include

A SPORTING PAGE, contributed to by a staff of the best sporting authorities.

A STATE PAGE, in which the every happening of interest in every place in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland is told by special dispatches from our own correspondents.

A WOMAN'S PAGE, where every morning the latest fashions and every feminine interest are cleverly dealt with in profusely illustrated articles.

A CABLE PAGE, where the doings of our foreign cousins are reproduced in special cable dispatches.

ALL THE NEWS, from everywhere, by the full Associated Press service and special dispatches.

BEST OF ALL is THE SUNDAY INQUIRER.

Included in The Sunday Inquirer each week is a colored section, with the best of pictures by well-known artists in brilliant color and softest half-tone. The colored section of The Sunday Inquirer is not equaled by any other paper.

The Sunday Inquirer Magazine

is contributed to by the very best writers, such as Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Barr, Anthony Hope and Ian MacLaren. Besides the brightest of short stories and serials, there are many articles by eminent authorities on subjects religious, mechanical, literary and scientific. Then, too, there are puzzles with cash prizes amounting to $500.00. If you want to make your wits profitable get the next Sunday Inquirer.

If you want a position in Philadelphia, an INQUIRER WANT AD will fix it for you.

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER is Pennsylvania's leading newspaper in influence, enterprise and circulation.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT!

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

HOT SODA: All Popular Flavors,

Canned Goods,

Fresh Candy,

Fresh Bread

AT

Brasted's

Cash Bargain Day,

Sat. Feb. 4,

At J. COLEGROVE'S

DEALER IN

General Merchandise.

Another large purchase enables us to sell you calicoes to-day at (all spring styles) 3 1-2 cts yd.

Same reason enables us to sell Italian serges, greens, browns and reds, regular price 25c yd, a bargain at 18c, our sale price to-day 15c yd.

A large assortment of striped skirtings, 12 1-2c to 30c yd.

Ask to see our changeable all-silk skirts.

New stock of imported and domestic linens, table cloth and napkins to match.

10 yds unbleached muslin for 45c, special.

A few pieces of light outings to close at 4c yd.

A bib over-all, made of best blue denim, all sizes, to-day 40c pair.

Call and inspect our new match, a decided improvement on old style. Heads never drop off, no red glow on match after it's burnt out, 500 for 5c.

One pound box of writing paper and env. for 15c.

Look at our $1.50 ladies' shoes, it's a winner.

Young Hyson tea, just arrived, a trial pound to any one to-day (don't miss it) at 27c lb.

Light undershirts for the factory fellows, to-day 20c each, and a blue and white-stripe over all, to-day 40c pr.

Next to Bank where you can get these bargains at

J. Colegrove's

TUESDAY, FEB'Y 7th.

FREE EYE EXAMINATION.

Tears Without Cries,

Do you shed them?

Can you read fine print without shedding tears? Do your eyes ache when you read by lamp light? Does the wind or strong light cause them to water? If your sight is defective we can help you. We can tell you precisely how to correct the defect which your eyes suffer.

PROF. KILLHEFFER,

Eye Specialist,

Of the firm of Bellati, Killheffer & Co., of Philadelphia.

At the store of

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

J. Colegrove's

Re-Opened.

EXCELSIOR MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS.

Is now ready for business and prepared to fill all orders for Marble and Granite work, Cemetery fencing, Etc., Etc.

Works Cor. Franklin & Water Sts.,
Smethport, Pa.

P. O.—LARABEE, PA.

NEW MEAT MARKET,

Norman C. Keefer, Prop'r,
Cor. Mechanic and Willow Sts.

THE FINEST OF

STEAKS, ROASTS AND BOILING MEATS

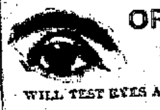
always on hand. All kinds POULTRY a specialty.

Call and examine my stock and get prices.

N. C. KEEFER,
Smethport, Pa.

—4—DAYS—4.—

S. HICKS,



OPTICIAN, KANE.

WILL TEST EYES AND FIT GLASSES AT

Dr. Chadwick's Drug Store,

Smethport, Pa.,

Monday till Thursday,

JAN. 30, FEB. 2.

Office hours from 1 to 4 p. m. and " 7 to 9 p. m.

MANSFIELD NORMAL SCHOOL.

Six courses of study. Practical training school for teachers. A large Model School. Three able and experienced critic teachers. A large class in Kindergarten work. Strong corps teachers in all departments. New Laboratory. New Dept. this year of Agriculture and Nature Study; special attention given to Field Work. The best advantages for preparation for college. Certificates from this school admit to the best colleges. Particular attention is called to Departments of Elocution, Art and Music. Beautiful Grounds, Magnificent Buildings, Electric Lights, Elevator, Hospital with attendant nurse. Swedish Gymnastics taught. Fine Gymnasium. Large Athletic Grounds. Fall Term opens August 29; Winter Term November 28; Spring Term March 20; Special Term for teachers May 1. For catalogue giving full information of Courses of Study, Expenses, Etc., address,

S. H. ALBRO, Ph. D., Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

15-30-99

One Minute Cough Cure, cures.
That is what it was made for.

WHEN YOU ARE LOOKING

for good furniture come to this store. We strive to protect you from that "cheap look." It is not a characteristic of our furniture. Splendid values given for every cent you invest here. Try us.

SLOAN & ERVIN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

M. L. Armstrong,

Practical Jeweler.	Columbia Agent.
A fine line of everything in first-class jewelry at prices that are right. When you want anything in this line give me a call. I keep a full line of optical goods. All repairing neatly and promptly done.	It is pretty near time for you to think about that new bicycle. Remember this year you can afford the luxury of a Columbia Chainless. $500 worth of comfort for $75. Place your order now and have a wheel early.

M. L. Armstrong,

American Express Agt. SMETHPORT, PA.

YOUR MONEY BACK

If your purchase proves unsatisfactory, return it and get your money. You shall have it without a word of argument. We want you to feel that we are as anxious as you are that you should be perfectly pleased. We are not sentimental about it; we know it will pay us to treat you well.

H. W. Rubin & Co.

Clothiers and Merchant Tailors.

A Happy New Year to All.

I wish to inform the public that I am located in the Reilly Block and will be pleased to meet all my customers and friends.

I have a new line of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY, TOBACCO and CIGARS. The Prescription Department is all new—no old goods. You will be sure of getting full strength.

For every Dollar's worth of goods bought for Cash you will receive 5c back at the time. This it to take the place of the Periodicel Scheme that is started. Don't forget the place.

REILLY BLOCK *H. C. WELLS.*

Where are We at?

Our Office is at

Smethport, McKean County, Pa.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

HOO-HOO.

BUT

We are with You if you wish to Buy

Lumber
Lath
Shingles
Siding
Flooring
Ceiling
Moulding
Doors
Windows
Screens
Glass.

Only a sample order will convince you that **You're with Us,**

Call and see us, or write us for quotations.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

We are putting in a stock of

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company's

CELEBRATED

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, EXTRACTS, & BAKING POWDER

Which we will offer at very reasonable prices.

We Guarantee These Goods

superior to any in the market.

Call at the Store and see the

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS,

given away with the goods.

SALESMEN WANTED.

E. C. HENRY & CO.,

TRACY BUILDING. SMETHPORT.

THREE QUESTIONS

[illegible] heart, what will you do in the [illegible]
[illegible] in the joy of living, the strength [illegible]
[illegible] in the pride of youth, by the light [illegible]
[illegible] prime."

[illegible] heart, what will you do if the [illegible]
[illegible] in the land of death, where it [illegible]
[illegible] "[illegible] but forget [illegible]!"

[illegible] heart, one question more—what [illegible]
If the [illegible] turned, for [illegible]
"[illegible] were happy, for [illegible]"

—St. Paul's.

THE MAD GODS.

What would the mad gods do
For hate with me, I wonder?
Or what for love with you?

—Swinburne.

[illegible] Charrington was carried home [illegible] with his neck broken one [illegible] afternoon in mid-November, [illegible] but those who stopped to proffer [illegible] the best run of the season. People shook their heads and remarked [illegible] young men from the grass countries will try to fly the Essex fences [and] only expect broken necks as a matter of course. A fence that begins with [a] ditch and a soft take off, continues with a big built up bank crowned with a stout staked hazel hedge and is [finished] by a nine foot drop into a [illegible] like a ready made grave on the [illegible] the place to fly, as any [illegible] should have known and all Essex people do know.

[illegible] Percy Charrington went home on [illegible] all of him that the startled soul left behind when it set forth on its separate journey from the bottom of that [illegible] ditch, and Mrs. Charrington, five days later, sat in her widow's weeds in the lonely library and gazed across the sodden, gray garden with eyes that looked and saw not.

She had been a prisoner and now the shackles had fallen, and behold, she was free!

Two hours before the heavy Essex clay fell dead and solemnly upon her husband's coffin; two hours ago she turned her face from the past and faced the future—the future that five days back had never existed for her. Wherefore she sat in her library and was calmly, steadfastly glad.

In having been wretched for three years she was spared the great misery she should rightly have felt at her loneliness. At moments such as these it is permitted one to be thankful that all women do not love their husbands.

Mary Charrington was a small woman, with a slight figure, a pale face a little too long for its width, big gray eyes and a mass of old fashioned nut brown hair. She was four and twenty, and she had never been sincerely happy in the whole of her life.

Who are we to cast a stone at her when we realize that she came nearer to happiness on the day of her husband's funeral than ever before?

It is sinful to wish a man dead, sinful to be glad when he dies, but when that man's person has constituted a barrier between oneself and all pleasure in life, if it be sinful to rejoice at that barrier's removing, then sin such rejoicing must be, and there's an end of it!

She had married him three years before for a diversity of reasons, not for the only one. She put all thought of that aside. She said "Yes" to Mr. Charrington because he was young and good looking and loved her and proposed to her, and because she was lonely and poor and tired of all her surroundings and wanted a strong arm between her and the world. Women marry for that last reason much oftener than they have any idea of.

Of course directly she was married she met the man she was to love, and forthwith loved him, and suffered as only these little, pale faced, gray eyed women can, because they have no strength to rise superior to their love, nor pride of passion ever to contemplate cutting the Gordian marriage knot. The man's name was Jack Collingwood, and he was a barrister, who, being a brave man, ran away and went off to try his luck at the Calcutta bar.

Fate was kind and let him succeed. Fate wanted to keep him away from Mrs. Charrington, and then one day it fagged and let Percy come to irremediable grief out hunting, after which, having committed a blunder, it washed its hands of the whole affair and said, "What must be shall be!"

Fate is a fatalist.

She wrote to her lover; she told him she was free. It was not a long letter, but the whole of her life and her love and her hopes of heaven went out to Calcutta between two pages of foreign paper.

The answer came back—the answer she expected and longed and prayed for, and Mary Charrington made her preparations, set her affairs in order and bought her trousseau, walking in a golden world flecked with purple and rose and silver—a world all fair to see, that had never before been aught but gray to her.

She sang about the big, empty house; she laughed whenever she caught her own eye in one of the many great mirrors. Once she took off the little white widow's cap and threw it into the air. It was very bad taste on her part, but she was so happy that she had got beyond refinement.

So at the end of six months she booked her passage in the Kandahar to go out to him.

She said goodby to all her friends. She smiled vaguely and irritatingly at their slightly stiff congratulations, and their half veiled hints as to the somewhat indecent haste displayed, when Percy's body was hardly cold in the tomb. (According to circumstances some bodies retain an unnatural warmth for an extraordinary space of time).

[illegible] did not care, and that is the [illegible] of a woman. She loves one man [and] [illegible] the rest of the world out of the deal. The man forgets—the world remembers. That is the worst of a man and of the world.

She had spent four-and-twenty years in waiting by the weary wayside watching for happiness to come along the road. And now happiness had hove in sight, in a distant cloud of glory, and she straightway arose to meet it, without any mock modest delay. What did it matter? She was going away from them all for good.

A week before she sailed she received a letter from Jack Collingwood. It was longer than the last. It beat about the bush a good deal, but it left no doubt as to the ultimate intention.

When fate makes a mistake, it is apt to be spiteful. It lies low and watches its opportunity—the opportunity for bringing its victim to grief—and then it is itself again.

Fate made Mary's lover unfaithful to her, and the letter was to break it to her as gently as possible that he had married another woman—in haste, it seemed, lest she should come out and stop him—and that there was no necessity for her to go out to Calcutta.

Mary Charrington suffered torture for that one week. At the end of it she looked facts resolutely in the face and realized that, if she had nowhere to go, she had at the same time nowhere to stay—nowhere in the world.

And out of the world—her dead husband would be waiting for her. The passage was taken on the Kandahar. That was the detail which proved her salvation. A first class passage to India costs money. It would be a pity to waste it. There again was the woman—practical through the numbness of an appalling calamity, the loss of everything she valued. So the Kandahar sailed at the end of the week, and the name of Mrs. Percy Charrington figured in the passengers' list.

Fate sometimes repents and makes what amends it can. It made honorable amend to her. The third man in her life crossed her path and linked his lines with hers on board the Kandahar on the voyage out. He fell in love with her at once—love that came so soon as to run a neck and neck race with pity.

His name was Edgar Goring, and he was a man of action, not speech, and told her that he loved her and meant to marry her.

She laughed for several minutes more than was decorous or suitable when he told her this, but he understood. Then she grew quieter and gave him the history of the last three years simply and truthfully.

"I am quite without hope, and I don't see there is anything left to me, Mr. Goring," she said. "You are more than good, but I am an old woman. I have got through the best of my life. I cannot marry you feeling as I do."

"Oh, yes, you can," said Edgar Goring.

"Very well," she said, giving in from sheer inability to resist. "You must take the risk, and you have got a very, very bad bargain."

She gave him a limp, nerveless hand and looked into his resolute eyes with a watery little smile.

He kissed the hand, and then he kissed her.

"I take the risk," he said. "I mean to marry you and make you forget. I mean to make you love me."

He did all three things.

And this is a true story, so it will not apologize for its glaring improbabilities.

Her husband is younger and nicer looking and richer than Percy Charrington, more charming and more successful than Jack Collingwood, and she loves him far better and knows it.

A woman is anointed with the oil of gladness above her fellows when fate bestows upon her a full love and a fuller knowledge of what that love can be to her, bringing her, as it brought Mary Goring, through fire and water into the ultimate haven of a wealthy place.—Sketch.

A Bush Woman.

Close to the wagon we met a bush woman, one of Indowyoka's people, reduced by starvation to the most emaciated and pitiable condition. Her husband had been killed by lions some days before, though she herself had escaped with her life. On her back and shoulders were the marks where the same lion had ripped away great strips of flesh. Long clots of blood had dried on her body; the wounds had not even been washed. I gave her some meat, which she seized upon and at once ate ravenously. The bones were almost through her filthy skin; her little beady eyes set close together under a low, retreating forehead, her flattened nose and large protruding lips, concealing what little chin she possessed, gave her a look most uncanny and repellent.

Altogether more like an animal than a human being, she seemed to me the lowest type of womankind that it has ever been my fate to look on. There are numbers of bushmen and their wives who live in this miserable condition, wandering through the veldt with no other means of subsistence than such trash as wild roots and berries. Some of the men have guns and ammunition, and they spend their whole time in shooting. When they kill a buck within reach of water—say ten miles—the whole family congregates on the spot, sits round the body and gorges itself until every scrap of flesh and skin has disappeared.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The First John Jacob Astor.

Although Mr. Astor had led a life mainly devoted to business interests, he found great pleasure in the society of literary men, says Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in The Atlantic. Dr. Cogswell made his home with us for some years after the closing of his famous school, but finally went to reside with Mr. Astor, attracted partly by the latter's promise to endow a public library in the city of New York. This was accomplished after some delay, and the doctor was for many years director of the Astor library. He used to relate some humorous anecdotes of excursions which he made with Mr. Astor. In the course of one of these the two gentlemen took supper together at a hotel recently opened. Mr. Astor remarked. "This man will never succeed."

"Why not?" inquired the other.

"Don't you see," replied the financier, "what large lumps of sugar he puts in the sugar bowl?"

Once, as they were walking slowly to a pilot boat which the old gentleman had chartered for a trip down the harbor, Dr. Cogswell said, "Mr. Astor, I have just been calculating that this boat costs you 25 cents a minute." Mr. Astor at once hastened his pace, reluctant to waste so much money.

Resuscitated the Pet Kitten.

A well known East End doctor tells a story of his experimenting days when he was at college. A girl whom he knew and admired had a pet kitten that in frisking around broke one of its hind legs. The fair mistress was in despair and in extremity asked her medical student admirer to try his skill on the pet. He consented and took his father's messenger boy, who was used to the surgery, to apply the anæsthetic. The doctor made the amputation and was sewing up the flap beautifully, when the boy gave a yell and said the cat was dead. It had been chloroformed to death.

The doctor knew that the demise of the pet would kill his hopes with the mistress. He had only one alternative, artificial respiration; and seizing the forepaws he set to work. In ten minutes he saw he was saved, for the kitten began to breathe. It was restored, minus one of its clawers, to the girl, who never knew how near it came to being buried in the back garden.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Wall Paper Trick.

"An old fellow came along the other day," says a Philadelphia restaurant keeper, "who gave me a pointer I had never dreamed of. He came in and offered to patch up all the bad places in my wall paper and so skillfully that I couldn't find a place after it was done. Well, I hadn't any patching to do, but I bet the old chap a quarter and his dinner that he couldn't do what he said. I tore a patch out of the wall paper, and when he was through eating he went to work.

"The first thing he did was to cut a piece of blank wall paper big enough to cover the hole and paste it over. Next he took a brush and painted a ground the same as the other paper. Then, kick me if he didn't take other brushes and colors and paint in the design of the paper. I willingly yielded up a quarter with the dinner and was satisfied when I saw the alacrity and ease with which the fellow did his work."—New York Tribune.

The Women of Belgium.

No one can travel in Belgium without being struck by the extraordinary activity and prominence of the women. Over the doors of shops of all descriptions the name of the owner or owners is frequently followed by "Sœurs" or "Veuve." You find them proprietors of hotels and restaurants. They are often custodians of the churches. They are employed to tow the boats along the canal banks. They cut up the meat in the butchers' shops, and they are even to be noticed shoeing horses at the forge.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A VICTIM OF TELEPATHY.

His Absurd Delusions Finally Banished by the Hypnotic Route.

There came to me late one night a stranger in wildest despair resolved to commit suicide that night if I could not help him, says Professor Munsterberg in The Atlantic. He had been a physician, but had given up his practice because his brother, on the other side of the ocean, hated him and had him under his telepathic influence, troubling him from over the sea with voices which mocked him and with impulses to foolish actions. He had not slept nor had he eaten anything for several days, and the only chance for life he saw was that a new hypnotic influence might overpower the mystical hypnotic forces.

I soon found the source of his trouble. In treating himself for a wound he had misused cocaine in an absurd way, and the hallucinations of voices were the chief symptom of his cocainism. These products of his poisoned brain had sometimes reference to his brother in Europe, and thus the telepathic system grew in him and permeated his whole life. I hypnotized him, and suggested to him with success to have sleep and food and a smaller dose of cocaine. Then I hypnotized him daily for six weeks. After ten days he gave up cocaine entirely, after three weeks the voices disappeared, and after that the other symptoms faded away. It was not, however, until the end that the telepathic system was exploded.

Even when the voices had gone he for awhile felt his movements controlled over the ocean, and after six weeks, when I had him quite well again, he laughed over his telepathic absurdities, but assured me that if these sensations came again he should be unable, even in full health, to resist the mystical interpretation, so vividly had he felt the distant influences.

VOCAL CULTURE.

The First Step Is Keeping the Mouth Shut, Asleep or Awake.

"Proper breathing is so essential in voice production that it must receive first attention, and the first requirement is to keep the mouth shut," writes Katharine E. Junkermann in The Woman's Home Companion.

"Of course no tone can be either strong or pure if the lungs are cramped so that the air cannot find room. In order to increase the size of the lung capacity raise the chest and keep the body well and strongly poised.

"So much harm has been done to voices by allowing the mouth to become the regular air passage that the need of care cannot be too frequently emphasized. Besides the injury done by the unwarmed air entering the lungs the mucous membrane is hardened by the saliva being dried up, and the muscles of the tongue and throat grow stiff and less responsive. It is comparatively easy to control one's breathing when awake, but when asleep the harm goes on. To remedy this involves a slight discomfort, but one can endure it patiently looking to the end. Cut court plaster into little strips about one-fourth of an inch in width and paste several across the lips, placing them up and down, with the lips held naturally. If one is tempted to give up rather than endure the discomfort this method involves, a walk through an ordinary day coach or a night made hideous by the presence of a snorer in a near berth will cause a solemn vow to be taken never to do likewise."

The Magic of Rome.

The story of Rome is a tale of murder and sudden death, varied, changing, never repeated in the same way; there is blood on every threshold; a tragedy lies buried in every church and chapel, and again we ask in vain wherein lies the magic of the city that has fed on terror and grown old in carnage, the charm that draws men to her, the power that holds, the magic that enthralls men soul and body, as Lady Venus cast her spells upon Tannhauser in her mountain of old. Yet none deny it, and as centuries roll on the poets, the men of letters, the musicians, the artists of all ages, have come to her from far countries and have dwelt here while they might, some for long years, some for the few months they could spare, and all of them have left something, a verse, a line, a sketch, a song that breathes the threefold mystery of love, eternity and death.—"Studies From the Chronicles of Rome," by Marion Crawford.

The Spider's Elastic Appetite.

The spider has a tremendous appetite, and his gormandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in 24 hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scales he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator, by 7 a. m. a lamb, by 9 a. m. a young camelopard, by 1 o'clock a sheep and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were 120 birds. Yet, in spite of his enormous appetite, a spider has wonderful power of refraining from food, and one has been known to live for ten months when absolutely deprived of food. A beetle lived in a similar state of unrefreshment for three years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Landscape.

Mrs. Fatpurse—You paint pictures to order, don't you?

Great Artist—Yes, madam.

Mrs. Fatpurse—Well, I want a landscape, with lots of deer and ducks and quail and partridges and pheasants and cattle and sheep and pigs, and so on, you know, and put a lake and an ocean in—fresh and salt water, you know—and be sure to have plenty of fish swimming around, because it's for the dining room.—Boston Globe.

An Insult.

A Caribou (Me.) man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night with insomnia!"

The landlord took offense at this and roared, "I'll bet you $2 there ain't one in my house!"—Exchange.

Unexpected.

The tramp had been very impertinent and dictatorial until the hired man unexpectedly made his appearance and inquired, "Are you lookin fur a scrap?"

His manner changed entirely, and at once he answered, "Yes, sir, that's what I'm lookin fur—a scrap o' cold turkey er cold ham er anything that happens to be handy."—Washington Star.

Can Cubans Govern Themselves.

One of the best known diplomatists recently declared that the Cubans are incapable of governing themselves, and that the United States must maintain its present control indefinitely, or else annex the island. There will be those who will dispute this, but there are none who dispute the well-established fact that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is capable of controlling the common diseases of the stomach. It is a remedy that is backed by fifty years of success. It is an ideal medicine for constipation; a strength builder for those who are predisposed to lung troubles, and for nervousness it is of wonderful benefit. As an appetizer it is incomparable. Those whose stomachs are out of order should not fail to try a bottle.

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MYSTERIOUS LIGHT AT SEA.

Three Steamers Didn't Understand It, but the Prince of Monaco Knew.

The Prince of Monaco has been known since 1865 as an enthusiastic student of the sea and its various forms of life. He usually spends his summers in the study of oceanographic problems, and his cruises have on some occasions been extended almost to the coasts of America. He delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical society in London in which he told this incident:

One afternoon, while in the bay of Biscay, he sank the trap in which he collected specimens of sea life. It went to the bottom in over 12,000 feet of water, and as night approached he fastened to the wire attached to it an electric buoy and then stood off a mile or so. It did not happen to occur to him that he was right in the track of steamers plying between northern Europe and the Mediterranean, but he was reminded of the fact later.

As he and his 14 sailors were watching with a good deal of satisfaction the swaying buoy with its brilliant illumination a steamer's lights came into view. It was soon evident that the steamer was curious to know the meaning of the illumination, for she altered her course and made for the light. She knew that no fishing boats came out so far from land and so determined to solve the mystery. Up she came to within a quarter of a mile of the buoy, slowed up for a minute, and then started ahead, perhaps a little disgusted at the incident that had lured her several miles out of her course.

She had hardly got away when a second steamer came into view, and she, too, bore down upon the lighted buoy. The marines on the prince's vessel understood by this time that the illumination was probably believed to be evidence of a disaster. Just as the prince's steamer was moving up to explain matters she was nearly run down by one of the large liners in the oriental trade, which had also left her course to render what assistance she could.

The swell was very heavy, and the prince feared a collision as the three vessels approached the light like moths around a candle. He therefore veered off and the other vessels, after standing by for a few minutes, went on their way and probably never learned the cause of that night's illumination at sea.

But the incident gave the prince a pointer. He carefully refrained thereafter from exhibiting his electric buoy on any of the much traveled ocean routes.—New York Sun.

FOOLED IN A HORSE TRADE.

This Animal Possessed Several Remarkable Traits.

A prominent English landlord was one day riding across a common adjacent to his preserves when he overtook one of his tenants, who was also mounted. After the usual salutations they rode on in silence for some minutes, when the tenant slightly spurred his horse, a balky animal, whereupon it dropped to its knees.

"What's the matter with your horse?" asked his lordship. The embarrassed tenant remarked by way of explanation that his steed always acted that way when there was game to be found.

A moment later, to the tenant's satisfaction and surprise, a frightened hare jumped out of some bushes near by.

This so impressed the landlord that he at once drove a bargain by which he secured the tenant's barebacked beast in exchange for his own fine mount, perfectly saddled. With much agility the tenant leaped to his new horse, and all went well until they came to a small stream, whereat the landlord's new nag immediately balked. A drive home with the spurs brought it again to its knees.

"Hello, what's up now? There's no game here," said his lordship.

"True, my lord," was the ready reply, "but I forgot to tell you 'ee's as good for fish as 'ee is for game."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Audience Got Angry.

There was a scene of wild excitement during the last week of May, 1892, at the Gaiety, London, and all owing to the singular behavior of a policeman. Two popular entertainers were on the stage, and one of them asked the audience a little conundrum, "Why is a policeman an utter scoundrel?"

A gentleman in blue who was apparently on duty in the body of the theater at once took offense. He jumped on to the stage and, seizing the offender, attempted to drag him off.

The audience rose in indignation. Men shook their fists and shouted, "What has he done?" One frenzied young lady in the front of the gallery seized a tumbler and would have thrown it at the policeman if her arm had not been arrested.

The policeman then dragged his captive off the stage amid the hisses and shouts of the audience. But anger was speedily changed to laughter when Mr. Policeman reappeared with his victim and stood revealed as one of the Cosmo trio. I never saw an audience so completely taken in.—London Correspondence.

Wanted Something Quicker.

Some few years ago I issued a policy on the life of a man who was far from being a model husband. I called for the premium every week and rarely got it without a grumble from the wife. The last time I called she said:

"I ain't going to pay you any more. There's Mrs. Smith only had her old man in M.'s society three months, and he's dead and she's got the money. I'm going to put my old man in that, so you needn't call again."—Liverpool Mercury.

Dynamite.

Dynamite explodes so rapidly that its force is exerted in the direction from which the greatest pressure comes. That is, if the dynamite be placed on the ground the explosive force is down; if it be hung against a wall its force attacks the wall; if it be hung under an object its force is upward.

Mr. S. A. Fackler, editor of the Micanopy (Fla.) Hustler, with his wife and children, suffered terribly from la grippe. One Minute Cough Cure was the only remedy that helped them. It acted quickly. Thousands of others use this remedy for la grippe, and its exhausting after effects. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

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Adventure With a Tiger.

[illegible] Colonel K. [illegible] Bengal [illegible] an elephant [illegible] jungle [illegible] had an aim. The colonel had wounded a tiger from an elephant's back. The tiger charged, and the elephant, taking fright, bolted through the jungle. To save himself from being brained and swept off by overhanging branches Colonel K. seized a stout limb and, raising himself, left the elephant to go on alone through the forest. To his dismay he found he had not strength and agility sufficient to swing himself up to sit on the branch. In vain he strove to throw a leg over and so raise himself.

Looking down, the sportsman discovered that the tiger had spotted him and was waiting below. The horror of the situation can be imagined—the enraged tiger and the helpless, dangling man knowing he must fall into those cruel jaws.

How long he hung there he never knew. He shouted and shrieked in an agony of fear. He eased one arm a little and then the other, then hung despairingly by both—till at last tired nature gave way and he dropped!

He remembered thrusting one arm into the tiger's jaws, and then consciousness left him. His life was saved by the arrival of a friendly rifle barrel held close to the tiger's head and through the subsequent amputation of the mangled arm by a skillful surgeon.—Youth's Companion.

The Art of Doing Nothing.

One mark of the modern man is his inability to idle. When he has to work for his living, he will grumble lavishly, telling you that leisure is what he longs for; that an idle life is his unattainable ideal. But let him come into a fortune and you will see. Does he use his new affluence in the only reasonable way, making soft places for himself wherein he can idle happily? Not he; he runs to and fro about the city like the Scripture dog, risking the portion of goods that has come to him among the outside brokers, or he tries the muscles of his stomach on a yacht, or he delivers himself, bound hand and foot, to the tyranny of the racing stables, or he becomes a philanthropist, or throws his unconquerable energy into amateur photography.

To a dweller in the sheepfolds the question comes urgent, insistent. When does a man come into this his birthright of untilled industry? When does this inability to idle grow on him? In the time of his lambhood he will do anything, everything, to insure his doing nothing. To attain this object he will spare no patent pains, no anxious thought. He will achieve his end even in "prep." with the eye of the shepherd upon him, and it will be perceived that to do nothing when talking is impossible and staring about an expensive luxury, requires a talent amounting almost to genius.—Pall Mall Gazette.

He Got the Votes.

A congressman is thus quoted by the Washington Star:

"The first race I ever made for congress resulted in my defeat by less than 50 majority, and if one of my friends had not been too zealous I would have been elected. There was a precinct where I expected to receive 100 votes, and I feared there would be some fraud in the precinct that would injure me, so I got an old man who had never participated in politics, but who had almost paramount influence in the district, to take charge of my interests there, instructing him to see that every friend of mine voted and that the votes were counted.

"When the returns came in, I had not received a single vote in that precinct, and the next day a bulky envelope was handed me containing 120 ballots, together with a letter from the man I had left in charge saying that he had seen every friend of mine and taken up their ballots so that none would be missed, and as he wouldn't trust the judges of elections he had sent them to me himself so I would be sure to get them. Since then I have seen to it that men in charge of my interests were not only honest, but knew something about politics."

A Dog and a Telephone.

At the Redhill railway station a passenger recently came to the station master in great grief, saying that her little pet dog had been left by accident on the platform at Reigate and would likely be either crushed by a locomotive or lost. The courteous official telephoned through respecting the poodle, and the answer came immediately that a dog of that description had just been brought into the police station. The receiver was put to the dog's ear, and the lady was asked to speak to it. She did so. The effect was electrical. The dog barked a cordial recognition of the voice and by its antics expressed a great desire to jump into the apparatus and traverse the wire in order to get to its mistress all the sooner.—Birmingham (England) Mail.

Types of Husbands to Avoid.

There are two distinct types of husbands who do more harm than they would be willing to admit—the man who permits himself to become a generous figurehead in his own family, rarely holding a conversation with his wife or children, good naturedly responding to any extravagance for the sake of peace, and the man who, though conspicuous in the church and community, tyrannizes over his family in small things until, for the sake of peace, they deceive him on every hand.—Frances Evans in Ladies' Home Journal.

Why He Didn't Reply.

It is not always easy to be polite. Witness this from the Chicago Post:

"Why don't you answer?" said madam impatiently to the Scandinavian on the stepladder engaged in putting up new window fixtures.

The man gulped and replied gently:

"I have my mout' full of screws. I not can speak till I swaller some."

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A Haunted House.

"The haunted house in this [illegible]" [illegible] was occupied [illegible] gentleman. He did not believe in ghosts, but two nights had made him look old and careworn, and there were certainly loud, strange and startling noises in the attic. They would continue right up to the time that some one entered the haunted room, but the opening of the door was the signal for a most oppressive silence.

"Half a dozen of us college fellows asked permission to investigate, and it was gladly granted. We waited till we heard the noise, and I assure you that there was plenty of it. It continued until we had crept up stairs, but ceased when we entered the attic. We waited there without result till big Hicks of the football team, carried out a plan. We closed the slide to the dark lantern, slammed the door noisily, as though leaving, and then settled down to wait. Presently the noise began. We flashed the light in its direction, and there was a jug rolling back and forth rapidly, the handle striking the floor with a loud thud.

"'Must be spirits in that jug,' laughed big Hicks, but his laugh was a tremolo. 'We'll see,' and he let go with one of his famous kicks that shattered the uncanny vessel. Then every fellow let out a yell and jumped as though trying to knock a hole in the roof. A rat had crawled into the jug and had been frantically trying to get out."—Detroit Free Press.

Praise For the Bishop.

The bishop of—never mind where—being a newcomer and somewhat troubled with a neglected diocese, thought to inspire his clergy to take occasional services during the week by periodically visiting out of the way parishes and taking one himself.

On one of these occasions, having formed quite a good congregation and having been moved to much eloquence in his sermon, he felt a little not unnatural desire to know if he had made any impression on the usually unimpressionable yokels, and put some leading questions to the old clerk, who was helping him to unrobe in the vestry. "Well, I hope they've been pleased with yer," said the old man patronizingly, "and I'm sure we tak' it werry kind o' yer worship to come down and preach to us, but, yer know, a worser one would ha' done for the likes o' we, if so be," he added with becoming humility, "one could ha' bin found."—Living Church.

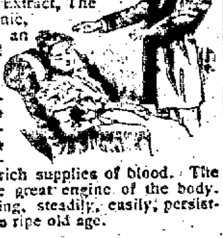
A Modest Artist.

When Princess Beatrice goes to Florence, she always visits Giovanni Meacci. He is the simplest of men. On the back of every picture he marks in pencil the price which he thinks it is worth, which is usually ridiculously low. On one occasion when she bought a small sketch she gave him three times the price asked, and laughingly told the astonished artist not to be such a baby to mark his pictures at a price that did not cover the cost of the material.

The seeds of the Philippine bean from the coast near Manila so closely resemble the quartz pebbles, among which they fall, in shape, size and color, luster, hardness and stratification as to be almost indistinguishable.

HEART FAILURE

has often been styled the cause of death in persons who have long lingered in disease. The amazing work which the heart regularly performs would certainly pre-suppose its breaking down. The most active climber can raise himself 1000 feet in an hour, the best locomotive 4000 feet and the heart 20,000 feet. To preserve its energies in full glow and force, Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, will act as an effective and practical fuel. No steam without fire. No energy without food. No staying power without rich supplies of blood. The heart is the great engine of the body. Keep it going, steadily, easily, persistently, unto a ripe old age.



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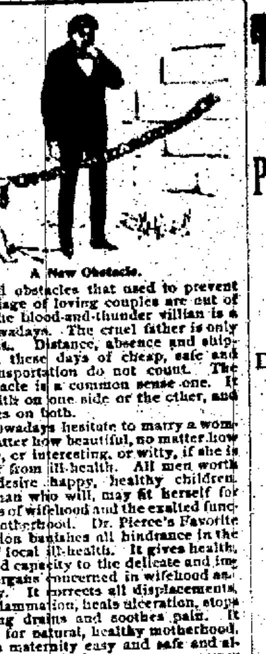

A New Obstacle.

The old obstacles that used to prevent the marriage of loving couples are out of date. The blood-and-thunder villian is a myth nowadays. The cruel father is only a tradition. Distance, absence and shipwreck in these days of cheap, safe and swift transportation do not count. The new obstacle is a common sense one. It is ill-health on one side or the other, and sometimes on both.

Men nowadays hesitate to marry a woman, no matter how beautiful, no matter how attractive, or interesting, or witty, if she is a sufferer from ill-health. All men worth having desire happy, healthy children. Any woman who will, may fit herself for the duties of wifehood and the exalted function of motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription banishes all hindrance in the nature of local ill-health. It gives health, power and capacity to the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and maternity. It corrects all displacements, allays inflammation, heals ulceration, stops exhausting drains and soothes pain. It prepares for natural, healthy motherhood. It makes maternity easy and safe and almost painless. It insures a new-comer constitutionally strong and able to withstand the usual ills of babyhood. It is the greatest of nerve tonics and restoratives. Medicine dealers sell it and an honest dealer will not urge a substitute upon you.

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COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday June 16, 1898.

AR. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D		
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
8 40	7.18	2 10	Ulysses	7.32	2.30	10.00
8 27	7.10	1.59	Crowell	7.41	2.39	10.15
8 23		1.56	Carpenter		2.41	10 1[illegible]
8 19		1.53	Perkins		2.44	10 2[illegible]
8.16	7.02	1.50	N'w'F'd Ju'c'tn	7 47	2.46	10 25
		1.45	Newfield	7.51	2 50	10 30
7 55	6.54	1.41	Gold	7.55	2.54	10 35
7.50	6.49	1.35	Raymond	7.59	2.59	10 40
7.36	6.39	1 24	Seven Brig's	8.11	3.11	10.5[illegible]
7.10	6.30	1 21	Colesburg	8 14	3.14	11 0[illegible]
7 00	6.19	1.14	Frink's	8.22	3.22	11 [illegible]
6.50		1.05	Nor. C'port		3 31	11.[illegible]
6 45	6.15	1.03		8.30	3.35	11.30
4.20	7.57	12.[illegible]	Coudersport	8.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 20
		12.[illegible]	Hammond			
4 05	7.[illegible]	12.44	Olmsted	8.46	6.06	1.27
3 5[illegible]	7.46	12.40	Mina	8.50	6.10	1 31
3 45		12.23	Knowlton		6 18	
3 40	7.[illegible]	12.30	Roulette	9.00	6.21	1.45
3 30	7.29	12.22	Burtville	9.06	6.29	1 45
3 23		12.16	Coleman		6.35	
3 20			Chemical Works			
3 15	7.15	12.10	Port Allegany	9.[illegible]	6.40	1 [illegible]
P M	P. M.	P. M	Dep't.	Arrive A. M.	P. M	P. M.

Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.
Time Table taking effect June 5th, 1898.
LEAVE SMETHPORT.

8:20 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mount Jewett, and Kane, connecting with P. & W. Ry for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

10:00 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

5:25 P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train 6 for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport daily, except Sunday, at 9:25 a. m., 4:20 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pas. Agent,
Bradford, Pa.

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE [illegible] NEW YORK [illegible]

In effect April [illegible], [illegible].

Trains leave Smethport for [illegible] Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, [illegible] p. m.
Local for Olean, daily except Sunday, [illegible] p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport [illegible] p. m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south.

*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Clermont Acc'tion daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
Clermont Acc'tion daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Mail, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Mail, daily ex Sunday connects at Emporium for Philadelphia [illegible] p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from
A. E. WOMMER, Ticket Agent,
[illegible] BELL, General Sup't.
[illegible] A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pas'r. & T'kt Ag't.
General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Cor. Main and Clinton st. Buffalo N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. [illegible], [illegible].

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:[illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m., week days ([illegible] a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington 7.[illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway DuBois Clermont and intermediate stations.
[illegible] a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and weekdays for DuBois and intermediate stations.
[illegible] p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York [illegible] p. m., Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., arriving at Emporium June. [illegible] p. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York [illegible] p. m., Philadelphia 11:[illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m., Baltimore 11:[illegible] p. m., daily arriving at Emporium June. 10:[illegible] a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport, on Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., weekdays, arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Phil'a to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS.	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. A. M.
8 54	Ridgway	11 [illegible]
9 10	Johnsonburg	11 [illegible]
9 2[illegible]	Bendigo	11 2[illegible]
9 [illegible]	Glen Hazel	11 [illegible]
9 3[illegible]	Straight	11 [illegible]
9 40	[illegible]	11 [illegible]
9 46	Smith's Run	10 [illegible]
9 52	Woodvale	10 46
10 00	Clermont	10 [illegible]
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:[illegible] a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at [illegible] p. m., and at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at [illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Ag't

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway
THE SHORT LINE

On and after Jan. 1, [illegible], passenger trains between, Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania, will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST-BOUND.

8.10 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

1 40 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

4.[illegible] p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND

8 0[illegible] a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

1.[illegible] p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

L. B. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
Gen'l Passenger Agent
Rochester, N. Y.

Popular Scenic Route.

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.
Condensed time table in effect June 6, 1898.

Read up.				Read down.		
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
6.55	7.38	12.25	ar Keating S't lv		11.40	7.3[illegible]
8 10	7.08	12.00	Austin	6.40	1.05	8.26
	7.00	11.53	Costello	6.47	1.12	
	6.46	11.41	Wharton	6.59	1.24	
	6.00	10.56	Cross Fork Jct	7.44	2.09	
	5.31	10.29	Corbett	8 11	2.36	
	5.20	10.18	Germania	8.22	2.47	
	5.13	10 12 lv	Galeton ar	8.29		
P. M.	A. M.					
7.10	12.55	10.00 ar	Galeton lv	8.36	2.56	
6.55	12 41	9 46	Gaines	6.50	[illegible]	
6.30	12 17	9.06	Sabinsville	9.21	3.30	
6.19	12.06	8.52	Westfield	9.32	3.41	
6 05	11 50	8.30	Knoxville	9.47	3.56	
5.55	11.41	8.07	Osceola	[illegible]	4 0[illegible]	
5.51	11.36	7.56	Elkland	10.0[illegible]	4.11	
5 15	11.05	7.15 lv	Addison ar	10.[illegible]	4.45	
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	
	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	
	5.10	10 06 ar	Galeton lv	6.30	1.00	
	4.51	9.41	Walton	6.42	1.34	
	4.27	9.17	Newfield Jct.	7.11	1.[illegible]	
	4.0[illegible]	8.5[illegible]	West Bingham	7 30	2.0[illegible]	
	3.56	8.46	Genesee	7.41	2 1[illegible]	
	3.53	8.43	Shongo	7.[illegible]	2 [illegible]	
	3.30	8.20 lv	Wellsville ar	8.0[illegible]	2.4[illegible]	
	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	
	4 40	10.10 ar	Galeton lv	8.2[illegible]	2.00	
	4.30	9.58	Gaines	8.4[illegible]	2 2[illegible]	
	3.50	9 20 lv	Ansonia ar	9.1[illegible]	3.0[illegible]	
	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	
	2.00	7.30 ar	Cross Fork Jct lv	11 0[illegible]	6.0[illegible]	
	1.00	6.30 lv	Cross Fork ar	12.0[illegible]	7.00	

N. B.—Train leaves Keating Summit at [illegible] a. m., arriving at Austin at [illegible] a. m.

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating S't with W. N. Y. & P. union station.
At Ansonia with F. B. R'y union station.
At Newfield Jct. with C. & P. A. union station.
At Genesee with N. Y. & P. union station.
At Addison with Erie R. R. union station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R.

H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Buffalo, N. Y.
C. W. GOODYEAR, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo, N. Y.
W. W. ATWOOD, Superintendent, Addison, N. Y.
W. C. PARK, Superintendent, Austin, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.
To take effect at 5 o'clock a. m., Monday, August 9, 1897.

South			Stations		North	
2:30	......		Clermont		1:[illegible]	......
2:34	......		Chatham		1:[illegible]	......
2:50	......		Wildwood		1:14	......
3:01	......		North Fork		1:[illegible]	......
3:11	......		Kay Fork		12:[illegible]	......
3:14	......		Gray Gables		12:[illegible]	......
3:30	......	Ar	St. Marys	Lv	11:[illegible]	......
	7:00	Lv		Ar	11:[illegible]	7:[illegible]
3:35	7:45		Kaul		10:[illegible]	7:[illegible]
3:[illegible]	7:51		Dents		10:[illegible]	6:[illegible]
3:[illegible]	7:[illegible]		Grell		10:[illegible]	6:44
3:[illegible]	[illegible]		Gillen		10:[illegible]	6:[illegible]
4:00	8:10		Paine		10:[illegible]	6:[illegible]
4:0[illegible]	8:1[illegible]		Centreville		10:31	6:[illegible]
4:14	8:20		Dagus Crossing		10:[illegible]	6:1[illegible]
4:[illegible]	8:30		Shelvey Summit		10:[illegible]	6:0[illegible]
4:[illegible]	8:[illegible]		Caneo		9:[illegible]	5:[illegible]
4:[illegible]	[illegible]		Thompson		9:[illegible]	5:[illegible]
4:[illegible]	8:[illegible]		Curry		9:[illegible]	5:[illegible]
4:[illegible]	8:[illegible]		Brandy Camp		9:[illegible]	5:[illegible]
4:[illegible]	8:51		Elbon		9:[illegible]	5:[illegible]
5:[illegible]	9:[illegible]		Hyde		9:[illegible]	5:[illegible]
5:10	9:10		Shawmut		9:10	5:10
p. m.	a. m.				a. m.	p. m.

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